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Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1839.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. P.'s letter from Kentucky is received, and we are in hopes of being able to accomplish his wish, though good ones unengaged are very rare. A. C. has put us on the track of one, but we shall have to pay smartly for him.

The Queen is to be sold within a few weeks, possibly, but had not been, to our knowledge, last night. The sale of the Priam colt out of Moss Rose has been cancelled.

Mr. J. C. STEVENS' Yacht is now being fitted up at the U. S. Navy Yard, Brooklyn.

The portrait of imported *Leviathan* will be ready in a few weeks, it is "a perfect smasher" of a likeness, and will probably be considered a more beautiful engraving than any one that has appeared in this paper.

Wallack is *said* to have engaged FANNY ELSLER for the National.

Edwin is said to be engaged to fill Jones' situation at the Park as first tenor. Jones will probably join Brough and Madame Otto and go West.

We are not aware of the German artist that is engaged upon Dutchman's portrait.

Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' 2 yr. old Plenipo colt will be shipped for this port by September, probably.

A Newfoundland dog, a Setter, and a Pointer, could be sold, probably, if description and price were sent to this office; they must be first rate.

A Setter was shipped to E. G. S., Charleston, last Monday, and another to P. M. R., New Haven, on Wednesday last, with a rifle.

"N. of Arkansas" is ere this, probably, at the White Sulphur Springs, where he will spend a week or two, before his return to Arkansas.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1839.

THE BRITISH QUEEN AND THE GREAT WESTERN.

The departure of these magnificent Steam Ships for England on Thursday last excited as general an interest as the arrival of the Sirius or the Great Western in the first instance. It is now but little more than a year since the practicability of navigating the Atlantic by steam was regarded as a problem, and men of the highest note for their scientific acquirements declared themselves against the hazardous enterprise, and now we have seen these two leviathans of the deep—the proudest monuments of the genius and advancing civilization of our age—sailing on the same day from the port of New York on their *return* voyage to Great Britain!

The British Queen arrived here only on Sunday last, having made her passage out in sixteen days. So desirous were her owners that she should make a trial of speed with her great competitor, that the most rapid endeavors were made to discharge her cargo and have her in readiness to accompany the Great Western. The public mind was at once excited by reports of the great contest, and at the hour when the boats were announced to start, every point from which a view could be caught of the outset of the struggle was occupied with eager citizens. The windows and the roofs of houses which bound the city on the South and East were crowded, the yards of the shipping were filled with clambering sailors, and the Battery and Castle Garden could scarcely contain the numbers that flocked thither, from all directions. The harbor was alive with steamboats overloaded with curious groups, a thousand row boats were darting about among sloops and steamers to obtain a nearer view, and from the parapet of the Garden you could enjoy the most brilliant panorama. The steam ships did not, however, start at the same moment, the preparations of the British Queen not being completed till the Western had been nearly a full hour under way. Each moved off with considerable dignity, compared with the arrowy flight of an American steamboat through the quiet waters of our bay; as they passed down towards Quarantine ground, they discharged their guns incessantly, their informal salutes being returned by reports of guns, pistols, and the like, equally informal, from the Garden, or vessels in the harbor. There was little opportunity for the pent up enthusiasm of the crowd to burst forth in unison, the steamers not approaching near enough to the Battery to receive a cheer. In every such festivity, some plausible pretext should be furnished the boys to shout hurrahs—it is quite as useful for men and boys occasionally to blow off their steam, as for those useful vessels whose peculiar vocation it is to do so habitually.

There is much betting both in England and this country upon the issue of this trial of speed. When we speak of it as a trial of speed, we would by no means convey the idea that these great ships are to race in the true Mississippi style, pouring on tar and like moderate fuel to keep the steam up; each company of proprietors, we are assured, would repudiate the idea of any such contest. In the betting we should think the Great Western the favorite in this country, although every one seems to wish well to the Queen and her commander. But the former has made the quickest passage yet recorded, and it is therefore esteemed safe to back her against her rival.

It is seriously to be regretted that the opposition between these boats is of such a character as to deny to the public, and even to the owners, the full benefits which might be derived from them. It would seem as if the convenience of all would be promoted, would the English companies fix different days for the sailing of their ships. There now are three fine ships in the business, and it is obviously easy so to arrange them in a line, that one might leave us every twenty days. Nothing would further promote travel and frequent intercourse between this country and England, than the certainty that every three weeks a steam ship would leave New York and Liverpool. We look forward with confidence to the time when there shall be eight or ten ships in the line, so that one may sail every week. We cannot doubt that the travel will increase out of proportion faster than in the direct ratio of the increase of steam vessels. Nothing but some terrible accident can check the impulse which is now felt throughout the country to go abroad. The tyranny of fashion alone will compel such a number to travel in Europe, that the steamers must run full; while a liberal curiosity which can be gratified at so small an expense of time and trouble, will induce thousands among us in easy circumstances to pursue the same course.

But it is not from this side of the water exclusively, nor even principally, that so extensive a line of steam vessels are to derive their support. It is inevitable that the great current of travel will set strongly in this direction from Europe, where the number of those who find in foreign travel sources of pleasure or of profit, is so much greater than with us. But we have not room to pursue the subject into those details which a moment's reflection upon the recent advance in steam navigation so instantly suggests.

Mr. John Weippert has received the Lord Chamberlain's commands, by order of the Queen, to style his band "Her Majesty's Quadrille and Waltz Band."

THE LAST DAYS OF LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

No circumstance which has of late years transpired in English society, has awakened such feeling and sympathy as the persecution of Lady Flora Hastings, which has at last terminated in the death of the innocent victim. We have before this entered so fully into the details of the subject, that we should do injustice to our readers, to drop it here without some farther account of the closing scenes of the tragedy. The following are extracted from recent files of English papers, in something like the order in which they appeared abroad. It is due to the cause of truth to remark that our extracts are made principally from the journals of the opposition to the Melbourne Administration. The ministerial journals represent the conduct of the Queen in a light somewhat different, but there can be no hazard in asserting that the general sentiment both in Great Britain and this country, is strongly prejudicial to the character of her Majesty for prudence and delicacy.

July 1.—It is our melancholy duty to state that this unfortunate lady remains in a most alarming situation—in a situation which scarcely leaves to her friends the possibility of indulging any longer the last lingering hope.

Her ladyship passed the day on Saturday in a state of comparative ease, to the surprise of her medical attendants; but yesterday, and especially towards evening, the symptoms became more alarming than ever.

On Saturday the sacrament was administered by the Bishop of London to her ladyship, her Royal and gracious mistress the Duchess of Kent (whose conduct throughout, we rejoice to say, has been perfect) being present at the solemn rite, by her Royal Highness' own particular request.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings have sat up the last few nights at the Palace, in order to assist and console Lady Sophia, their afflicted sister, whose attendance since her arrival from Scotland has been unremitted in the chamber of the unfortunate sufferer.

As the sad history of Lady Flora Hastings, of which at this mournful moment we forbear to retrace the shameful and guilty cause, draws to its natural sequel, it will be some consolation to the British people to know that their youthful Queen (awakened to the capability of reflection, and at length fully aware, it may be hoped, of the danger of evil company and evil counsellors, and obsequious, servile, unprincipled minions, who rather than displease their Royal mistress for a moment, would destroy her for ever), manifests much affectionate solicitude and womanly sympathy for the fate of the unhappy victim.

On Wednesday last, after her Majesty had become convinced of the necessity of countermanding the ball at the Palace, announced for Friday, in celebration of the anniversary of her Majesty's coronation, her Majesty expressed a desire to be admitted to an interview with Lady Flora Hastings.

Some preparation and delay, as may easily be supposed, having been indispensable, this interesting and important interview did not take place until Friday last.

What passed during this interview can be known only to those to whom her Majesty may have been pleased to reveal it. We only know that the interview lasted for an hour, and that no third person was present—yet, knowing this, we hope we cannot be rash in saying we know more—much more—than this. We know—we feel—that such an interview in such circumstances cannot have failed to produce a permanent and a salutary impression upon the mind and heart of that party who alone is likely to survive it long.

We should commit a great sin against all that is kindly and generous in human nature were we to conclude this brief narrative without recording the words which fell from the lips of Lady Flora Hastings when she was first apprised that the Queen had expressed a desire to see her. They were, "Oh! I am so glad. I should so like to show her Majesty that I entertain no rancor notwithstanding what has passed."

Lady Forbes, one of the ladies now in waiting upon her Majesty, is a connection of the family of the Marquis of Hastings, and is naturally the medium of frequent communication between her Majesty and the chamber of Lady Flora.

July 3.—The announcement of yesterday was in the following words: "Lady Flora Hastings is in a very languid state, and is weaker this morning." Up to a late hour last night no amendment had taken place, and the *Morning Post* of to-day states that "the physicians were without the slightest hope of the recovery of their unfortunate patient." The answer to inquiries this morning was, "Lady Flora cannot recover." The Duchess of Kent is deeply affected by the hopeless condition of her favorite, who is universally admitted to be one of the most amiable of the female nobility. The Duchess has been a constant attendant at Lady Flora's bedside. The Queen, also, considering the peculiar circumstances of the case, must feel the matter acutely. Nevertheless, it has been observed that her Majesty has visited the Opera more frequently than usual; and dinner parties and equestrian exercises have been the order of the day. Doubtless this routine of pleasure has been recommended by her Majesty's wise advisers, in order to divert her Majesty's mind from the melancholy scene within the walls of the palace. With reverence be it spoken, it would be difficult to find any other excuse for so apparent gaiety where there is so much cause for grief—for daily and nightly displays in Parks and Theatres, at a time when the royal heart would be naturally prone to counsel seclusion. It is expected that there will be a very general mourning among the higher circles for Lady Flora Hastings.

July 5.—The answer given yesterday to the many anxious inquirers at the Burlington Hotel was that Lady Flora Hastings was weaker. It is our melancholy duty to state that, at a late hour in the evening, it was considered doubtful whether this ill-treated lady would live throughout the night.

The painful series of circumstances which form the sad history of the last days of Lady Flora Hastings would have been sufficiently revolting to the moral sense of the people of Great Britain without the additional brutality which we are now compelled reluctantly to record.

It will scarcely be believed, but we aver the fact, that a question has already been raised and discussed by the authorities of the Court as to the period which may be permitted to intervene between the death of Lady Flora Hastings and the removal of her remains from Buckingham Palace. An universal feeling of indignation will arise on the mere mention of such a discussion in present circumstances; and this feeling will scarcely be assuaged by the announcement which we feel warranted in giving, that it has at length been decided by the Palace authorities to permit the remains of Lady Flora Hastings to rest in the Palace until the necessary arrangements shall be made for their removal to Loudon Castle.

The necessity of recording such atrocities is very painful. But we feel that it is one of the most imperative of our duties to communicate to the British people all that can assist them in estimating accurately the character of those who constitute at this moment the Court of England. Morning Post.

It is announced in the London Sun, of the evening of 5th July, that the Lady FLORA HASTINGS died at 2 o'clock that morning, a victim (we presume from what we see in the papers) to outraged sensibilities. The Queen has exhibited her sorrow at the death of Lady Flora, by ordering Buckingham palace to be closed.

We give from English papers received at this office, two extracts in relation to the death of this lady. If we may judge from the journals before us, a considerable amount of excitement exists on account of it. The Queen has been attacked in a most violent manner, for the course of conduct pursued by her, and the ministerial papers, as in duty bound, warmly defend her.

From the London Globe, July 6.

At a few minutes after 2 yesterday morning, Lady Flora ceased to breathe, her last moments being perfectly tranquil; there was not the slightest appearance of pain. Her death-bed was surrounded by the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings, Lady Sophia Hastings, Viscountess Forbes, and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. When it was announced by the medical attendants that Lady Flora was no more, the whole circle gave expression to the deepest grief. The Duchess of Kent was deeply affected, and gave vent to her feelings by a flood of tears. The Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings returned to their apartments at the Burlington-hotel at 3 By the command of her Majesty the whole of the blinds of Buckingham Palace were closed at an early hour yesterday morning, out of respect to the deceased lady's family, to remain so until the removal of the body. At an early hour yesterday morning a courier was despatched with the melancholy intelligence to the Dowager Marchioness of Hastings, at Loudon Castle, North Britain, and Lady S. Henry, who arrived in town only a few days since, also left town yesterday to condole with her venerable parent on her domestic bereavement. Last evening, at the express wish of the Marquis of Hastings, there was a *post mortem* examination in order to remove any erroneous impression as to the cause of her ladyship's decease. Sir A. Cooper, Sir B. Brodie, Dr. Chambers, and Dr. Holland, were present. Sir Benjamin Brodie was the officiating surgeon. Her ladyship died with an enlargement of the abdomen, and internal inflammation. The mortal remains of the deceased are to be removed from the Palace on Tuesday next, and will from thence be conveyed for interment at Loudon. The Marquis of Hastings intends to accompany the remains of his sister to Scotland. It is the etiquette of the Court that when any member of the household dies within the Palace, the body should be removed in 24 hours; but in this case that etiquette will be dispensed with.

From the Morning Post.

Lady Flora Hastings, two days before her death, earnestly requested—requested in terms and in circumstances which gave to her request the force of an awful and irresistible command—that her remains should be subjected to the most minute examination. Let the world think of this request so urgently enforced. Let mankind figure to themselves a noble lady, exquisitely susceptible of all those emotions of female delicacy which impart to English women their peculiar and their greatest charms, issuing from her dying lips, with an earnestness, with an energy which physical weakness made more authoritative and sublime, a request, a command, that she should be subjected, after death, to an examination, the very idea of which is repugnant to feminine sensibility. And, impressed with this image, which seems so monstrous and unnatural, let them reflect upon the circumstances which produced it, and which render it natural, lovely, chaste—upon the circumstances which transform a vision of horror into all that is "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

Lady Flora Hastings knew the Court of Buckingham House too well, and had too anxious a regard for her own posthumous fame and the honor of her noble family, to be indifferent to any guarantee against detraction. Defamed while living, she nobly determined that no pretext or subterfuge should be left for courtly defamation after her death. She felt herself reduced to the painful necessity of choosing between the scruples of female delicacy and the unclouded brightness of female honor. And even in the state of bodily weakness to which her slanderous persecutors had reduced her, she had still so much strength of mind as enabled her to prefer the latter. For this noble decision the women of Great Britain will hold her Ladyship's memory in eternal reverence, as they will hold the character of the Court in which a noble lady could be reduced, in her dying moments, to the necessity of deciding such a question, in everlasting abhorrence and contempt.

But the honor of Lady Flora Hastings, and the infamy of her persecutors, are now, it is satisfactory to know, matters of permanent and indelible record. To add another syllable to this announcement would be to desecrate the subject.

* * * * * *

The friends of the Court ladies and the Court physician are going about asserting that the Queen was the author of the foul calumny against Lady Flora Hastings, and that all the indecent and brutal conduct practised towards that unfortunate lady was by the unprompted and uninfluenced command of her Majesty. This assertion is, of course, as false as it is unconstitutional. And, be the fact what it may, every Englishman is bound in constitutional duty to disbelieve the assertion. But, assuming the monstrous hypothesis for a moment that this wicked assertion can be true, we still say, and shall take an early opportunity of showing, that so far from exonerating the Court ladies and Court physician from any portion of their guilt, it adds enormously and fearfully to their revolting and odious criminality.

Funeral of the late Lady Flora Hastings.—Yesterday the remains of this much-lamented lady were removed at an early hour in the morning from Buckingham Palace on board of the Royal William steam-ship, lying at the St. Katharine Docks, for the purpose of being conveyed to the last resting-place of her ladyship's maternal ancestors in Scotland.

The *Post* says that the following particulars connected with the death and funeral of this lamented lady are authentic: the steam vessel which conveys the remains is expected to arrive at Leith on Friday. On the following day (Saturday) the body will be conveyed in privacy from Edinburgh to Loudon Castle, a distance of 60 miles. On Sunday it will lie in state at the Castle; and the interment will take place on Monday. A confidential officer of the Duchess of Kent's household, by command of Her Royal Highness, will attend the body from the moment of its departure from Buckingham Palace to that of its being deposited in the tomb. The funeral on Monday will be attended by the numerous friends and tenants, and retainers of the family of Hastings and Loudon in Ayrshire.

The same paper, in allusion to the unmeasured abuse heaped by some of the high tory prints on the members of the Queen's household, with reference to Lady Flora, says:—

"It certainly is not our province to defend the Ladies of the Bedchamber; at the same time it is pretty obvious that their 'calumnies,' if the calumnies were theirs, did not create the mortal liver complaint of which the patient died; because the calumnies were subsequent to the moment when the fatal disease had made an obvious progress. At least, was it not from the appearance of the patient that the report first sprang up."

THE COFFIN.—The top of the outer case was marked with a sort of hatchment, within which were the initials "F. H.," in large black letters. The following is the inscription on the coffin:

THE LADY FLORA ELIZABETH HASTINGS
Lady of the Bedchamber to H. R. H. the
Duchess of Kent;
Eldest daughter of Francis Marquis of Hastings, and
Flora Countess of Loudoun.
Born in Edinburgh, Feb. 11, 1806;
Died at Buckingham Palace, July 5, 1839;
Aged 33.

The mourners did not go on board of the vessel, but returned to town without delay. The Royal William sails for Edinburgh at 10 o'clock this evening.

Monument to Boieldieu the Composer.—A bronze statue of the late eminent composer Boieldieu, by Dantan jun., was inaugurated at Rouen, of which place he was a native, on Thursday last, in the presence of the municipal authorities. The statue is erected in the middle of a place bearing the composer's name.

A young dancer, of the appropriate name of Petitpas, has recently made a successful *debut* at the Grand Opera of Paris. He was noticed last year at Bordeaux by Fanny Elssler, upon whose recommendation he has been engaged at the Académie Royale.

Miss Harriet Taylor, of the Haymarket Theatre, was married on Saturday to Mr. Walter Williams (better known as Walter Lacy) of the same establishment. The father of Mr. Williams resides at Bristol, and is the principal manufacturer of railroad carriages in that vicinity. Morning Herald.

It is said that no less a sum than 12 guineas were given yesterday for three tickets for the Caledonian ball.

Miss Clara Novello has just returned to town from visiting Berlin, St. Petersburgh, &c., after having completed some very lucrative engagements. At St. Petersburgh this talented young lady's reception was most flattering, and she had the honor to perform several times before the Empress at the Imperial Palace. Herald, July 5.

Mr. Frank and Mr. Charles Sheridan departed from England last week for America.

CURIOSITIES OF PARIS.

The "Man who gets himself run over."—The "man who gets himself run over" partakes at the same time of the Lazzarone and vagabond. He is one of the thousand social problems that copiously thrive upon the crumbs of modern civilization. Whatever the season, whatever the weather, he rises with Aurora to scour the streets in all directions, to scent every nook and corner. Such is the task he has devoted himself to. Nothing is more curious than his manœuvres. A cabriolet passes, for instance, with the rapidity of lightning; it is only a squire of Northumberland, who has been betting a thousand guineas that he will drive a wild pony through the streets of Paris without touching anybody. The "man who gets himself run over" will espy the swift equipage from afar. Our athlete of a new species gives his muscles a deep tension. The whip cracks. At the signal he rushes forward, and falls under the wheels with incredible fury. In a trice the man is thrown back into the kennel, scratched, covered with mud, frozen, beaten to a mummy; his blood flows, and he shakes the air with piteous cries. A crowd gathers—everybody is indignant. Three virtuous men, moved into tears, stop the murderous cab, its number is taken, the guard arrives, whilst a town sergeant who happens to be watching conspiracies in these regions, marches off with the captive squire, pony, and car. This is but the first act of a comedy which, three months after, has its *denouement* at the Tribunal of Correction, where the "man who gets himself run over," provided with certificates, covered with plasters and bandages, comes solemnly to demand 3000 francs of damages. The Tribunal, judging in its wisdom, and beneath the bust of Louis Philippe, grants him 300 francs, besides costs and the doctor's bill. Thanks to so marvellous a system, the "man who gets himself run over" finds life sweet. The more he is bruised, the more his purse swells; every drop of his blood is worth an ounce of gold.

The man "who gets himself run over" has a book-keeper, sometimes he has a partner to double the profits of his industry. While the one is in the doctor's hands, the other is in the streets attending to the more active part of the business. Every night the "man who gets himself run over" revives and reckons his receipts and expenses, inserts his prowess, enumerates his leaps and falls, and details his gymnastic *tours de force*. In this book the following may the oftener be read in magnificent English hand-writing:—

"15th October—Rainy day—Fell for five minutes under the Duchess of Sommerville's landau, in Rue Jean Goujou. Action, illness, grief, a fortnight of acute pain in the left arm. Net profit 3500f."

Or else the following, according to the season:—"Tuesday, a bright sun; right leg slightly fractured by the travelling carriage of his Excellency the Austrian Ambassador. Immediate compromise. Profits 4000f."

Or else, according to the fortune and station of the clients:—"Sunday, 20th April, many people at the Bois de Boulogne. Splashed with no great harm by the bay horse of the little dancer, Camilla R——, who is so pretty in the ballet 'La Tempete.' Amicable arrangement—900 francs."

By dint of thus breaking, grinding, and scattering about every one of his limbs, the "man who gets himself run over" amasses a good round income when he undergoes a complete transformation. From an inelegant personage he becomes almost a dandy and a gastronomer. He forsakes the noise and confusion of the streets, and you may see him fashionably exhibiting himself in the orchestras of the minor theatres. When years begin to moderate his devouring activity he renounces his trade, and quietly migrates. If, towards that period, he transfer not his house to Passy, you will be sure to meet him about the Jardin des Plantes, where he passes himself off as a Colonel of the Empire. It is then that you will behold him detailing the battle of Austerlitz, and all the wonders of Napoleon's times to a circle of admiring recruits. To give weight to his stirring narrative he will at every moment exhibit the honorable scars which proclaim his presence in the hottest parts of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Lutzen, Bautzen, &c., and at every change in the atmosphere he will bitterly lament over his painful rheumatisms. Yet the veteran will enjoy capital health, take his four meals a day, fatten more than an honest man, and die in his bed. When he does, pray let him not have a *de profundis*.

Paris Print.

The Tournament.

The practising for the approaching Tournament continues twice a week, Tuesdays and Saturdays, in public. On the last occasion the scene of action, which is at the back of the Eyre Arms Tavern, near St. John's Wood barracks, was visited by most of the principal families of the nobility in town. The knights are, indeed, so highly connected, that, as admission is only gained by an order from one of them, the company assembled is of the most select description. We observed on Saturday last the Marquis of Douro and his beautiful bride. Prince Louis Napoleon, Prince Soutzo, Earl and Countess Delawarr, and Lady C. and E. West, Earl and Countess of Essex, Earl and Countess of Craven, Earl and Countess of Chesterfield, Lord and Miss Forrester, Earl of Wicklow, Lady Eleanor and Harriet Howard, Viscountess and Miss Maynard, Lady Anne and the Misses Beresford, Lord Alford, Marquis of Waterford, Lord Eglinton, Lord Douglas, Lord and Lady Sondes, Earl and Countess of Wilton, Earl and Countess of Charleville, Lord and Lady Seymour, Lord Glenlyon, and Miss Murray, Lords Cantalupe, Castlereagh, Bruce, &c.

The ground chosen is oblong, and of about four acres in size, along the centre of which is placed a barrier, with a frame for the working of a figure in armor, which is propelled along the railroad by the strength of three men in the opposite direction to that which the knight takes in charging it. It appears absolutely necessary that the horse should be perfectly obedient to the rider's will in order even to approach the figure. None of the horses are as yet sufficiently trained. There is, however, no want of *esprit* on the part of the riders, and their horses are evidently good both for strength and speed.

The trumpet sounds! Away goes Mr. Charteris at full speed! His headlong career is not, however, destined to be successful. The plume of the figure remains unsoiled, and this gallant knight is compelled to bite the dust.

With better success Lord Eglinton, Captain Maynard, and Lord Cassilis, made their debut in turn; Lord Craven, in armor inlaid with gold, Lord Glenlyon, and Sir F. Hopkins followed, generally breaking up the armor of their steel-clad opponent, which as quickly re-appeared, as if by magic, unharmed and ready for the encounter.

The esquires, meanwhile, amuse themselves with tilting at oranges suspended in the air, or at the old game of the ring. The effect of the tents and raised platforms, filled by the beauty and fashion of London, only required sunshine, which on this occasion was not afforded, and a violent rain-storm dispersed the assembly at an early hour.

We hear that Lady Seymour is to be chosen Queen of the Tournament, and is to have the power of deciding upon the merits of these representatives of the warriors of other days.

An Ingenious Mistake.

The d'Orleans family are in quest of popularity. In 1830 they sought it in the hospitals, next in the streets, later in the churches; their theatre is now the exhibition of the produce of French industry. For a month past the family have made many more visits than purchases there, and issued many more compliments than orders. Their enormous expenditure of praise and admiration has the advantage of not ruining the civil list. The exhibitors are overwhelmed with every species of civility, courtesy, blandishment, and fascination. This has given rise to a Court adventure, which is worth recording.

In one of the last visits of the d'Orleans family to the Champ Elysées Galleries, the name of an exhibitor of Lyons, or the neighborhood, inscribed on a stall, struck one of the Royal visitors, who most graciously asked a young person who kept the shop whether she was related to N——, the member of the National Convention. The girl blushed, and vowed that he was her grandfather. "I am glad of it," replied the august inquirer, "I knew him well in my younger days. My father bore him great affection. Methinks I see him coming to dine at the Palais Royal, with his hair dressed *a ailes de pigeon* and powdered snow-white, his blue coat with large facings, and his waistcoat with a little fringe. I should be happy to be useful to his granddaughter. Come, my dear child, to the Tuileries. Bring some articles of your manufacture. I wish to do something for you."

The poor girl had never known her grandpapa, and was not sorry to hear his person described; but to enhance the interest evinced towards her family, she had the idea of buying at a vender of curiosities on the Quai Voltaire a miniature which should represent a gentleman with *ailes de pigeon*, a blue coat with large facings, and the finishing waistcoat in fashion in 1793; in short, she went in quest of a grandfather. She found a medallion uniting all these requisites; she had it mounted as a brooch, and failed not to deck herself with it in her visit to the palace. The medallion, which was prodigiously large and conspicuous, attracted everybody's notice; the young lady proudly exhibited it to all who wished to see it, as being the portrait of a man who had been honored with the particular friendship of a Prince of the blood, and was also a member of the Convention. It was quite an event, from the Pavillion de Flore to the Pavillion de Marsan; but, alas! the delight and success of the illustrious N——'s granddaughter were not of long duration. An august personage wished to look at the picture of his father's respected friend; he glanced at it—frowned—coldly returned it, and turned his back upon the poor child, who had, unawares, bought the portrait of Robespierre!

Paris Print.

Present of a Kitten to her Majesty.—Our readers will recollect an account in the Mercury, a few months ago, of the whimsical fancy of an old woman named Baker, living at Scredington, near Sheffield, who sent a kitten to the Queen. It was placed in a basket, furnished with white cloths for it to lie on, and containing an abundant supply of bread and butter for its sustenance during its long journey: the basket also contained a letter, setting forth how that some time before her Majesty was crowned the old woman had been informed in her midnight visions that her favorite tabby would have three kittens on the day of her coronation, and had been commanded to send one of the litter to the Queen. The day arrived, and, wondrous to tell, the cat did bring forth three kittens. The old woman, not at all surprised at the event, selected the finest of the feline trio, upon the head of which her fancy had impressed a crown, and securing it in a hamper as above related, she dispatched it by coach, having appended to it the following direction:—"To the Queen, in Lunnun or elsewhere; to be taken great care of." Nothing was heard of pussy's journey, and the papers contained no account of her arrival at the palace to satisfy the curiosity of the old woman, who, indeed, had almost despaired of the cat's having reached her destination, when a few days ago a letter bearing the Royal arms was received by the old lady: it was from the Queen! and contained the important information of the young kit's having safely arrived, and that she had become a very fine cat; and in proof of the letter's being genuine, two Bank of England £5 notes were enclosed. The letter and the notes were unintelligible to the old woman, who cannot read; but on her being informed of the meaning thereof, she could not restrain her expressions of gratitude to her Majesty, who had thus been the means of affording an accession of comfort to one who, though fantastic in her notions, is not an undeserving object. She immediately laid in a stock of tea, and bought two pigs, putting the remainder of the money in the savings' bank. Her Majesty's generosity, will, therefore, in all probability, be productive of comfort to the old woman till her dying day. Though the good dame was confident that the migration of puss would produce a useful result, her husband was incredulous, and he much feared that the act of his wife would be considered an insult towards her Majesty. The old people were weeding on the farm of Mr. Robert Lockwood, of Spanby, when the letter arrived, and its contents, to them a little fortune, not only rejoiced the hearts of both by the sudden acquisition of wealth, but relieved the old man's mind of the dread of expected punishment; the old lady, too, had been subjected to the jeers of her neighbors for what they thought a foolish whim, but the arrival of the money turned the tables, and caused the old people to be envied by many. London Mercury.

The Paris Barricades.

Did you ever, my dear Fraser, see a barricade? Perhaps not. Then do let me give you a description. First of all imagine a hundred fellows, some short and others tall, some ferocious, and others athletic, politely threatening to take away the lives of all the inhabitants of half-a-dozen houses in the next five minutes, if they make the least resistance to the formation of a barricade in front of their dwellings. Then imagine 300 fellows seizing hold of iron bars, or spades, or crows, or whatever is the strongest and most handy, to tear up the paving stones; and the male inhabitants of the houses aforesaid compelled to aid in the work of preparation. Then the paving stones are piled one on the other. Spades and shovels are used to dig a trench. The earth is thrown up. Planks, chests of drawers, ladders, poles, weighty and cumbrous articles are all heaped together; and "confusion worse confounded" is the order of the day. Behind these rapidly collected and arranged materials, the rebels charge their muskets; and as no cavalry can pass, they have only to fear the infantry, who are armed like themselves. In the houses adjoining, at the first, second, and third floors, are planted rebel sentinels, who utter cries or make signs when the enemy is approaching. Up and down the street, at all the windows, you see a hundred caps and bonnets. The women love a barricade, enjoy the fun of an *emeute*, rejoice at an insurrection, triumph at a rebellion; and in Paris a favorite pastime for the fair and brave Parisian females, is to watch who takes the best aim, and shoots his brother or his neighbor with the most dexterity. "C'est bien! c'est bien!" cried an old woman of 60, when, from behind a barricade in the Rue Neuve St. Mery, a young beardless rebel of 18 levelled his gun, and shot a captain of infantry dead on the spot. The soldiers looked up scornfully. The old woman repeated the cry, "C'est bien, c'est bien!" she screamed. But she never uttered another word, for the soldiers became angry as well as scornful—pointed their muskets, and she was dead. This was the signal for new barricades, and new disorders.

Fraser's Magazine.

The Leaping Butcher.

The metropolis and its surrounding district produce some of the best and hardest riders in England; and I have seen and heard of one or two instances which would bear comparison with many of the break-neck feats of the sister kingdom. There is a butcher named Selmes, of Godstone, who is noted for his nerve and the extraordinary knack he has of making any horse jump: cart-horse or race-horse is all the same to him when once on their back; go they must at whatever he puts them at, and no horse is ever in his hands a month without becoming a jumper. With a snaffle bridle and the buckle of the rein in one hand, the head quite loose, a good ash stick in the right hand, and one spur on the left heel, he charges gates, stiles, hedges, or brooks, and refuse they dare not, for the ash plant is sure to catch them on the side of the head if they offer to turn to the right or the left. They may fall if they please, and they very often do at first, but they soon become quite as much afraid of doing that as of refusing. The man himself is as active as a cat, and seldom gets hurt. There is a very high and pointed barred gate, leading off the common into the paddock belonging to the kennel; I should think it could not be less thon four feet nine inches; and one day in the summer, while up at the kennel chatting to some of the people, he began to show off his horse by jumping him over some hurdles and a rail round a stack. He then, without much of a run, rode at this gate, and over he went, but the horse struck the top of the spikes with his hind feet and broke two of them, and at the same time one of his stirrup leathers gave way. This not pleasing him, he turned the animal short round, and brought him back over it again, and then a third time out of the field over it again, both the last times with only one stirrup, and going at least a foot higher than the gate. The horse was afterwards bought for £100 by Sir E. Antrobus.

Sporting Magazine.

Singular Diplomatic Fracas.—A Brussels correspondent of the Journal de Frankfort writes on the 16th instant:—"We have received the following fact direct from the War Office. A few days ago the Minister of War suddenly received an order to suffer all French officers in the service of Belgium to return to France. This order arose from the dissatisfaction expressed by the French Government at the new law relative to foreign officers; and the affair was preceded by the following incident. At a *thé dansant* given by the King, the French envoy, Baron Serrurier, accosted M. Henri de Brouckere, the reporter of the bill, and said—"I cannot conceal from you, Sir, that your late report has caused high displeasure to Marshal Soult."—"Is it to me you address yourself?" asked Mr. de Brouckere. "Yes, Sir, and I repeat that your late report has given Marshal Soult high displeasure." "So much the better, Sir; I care not for Marshal Soult—(Je me moque du Marechal Soult)—and you may tell him so" M. de Brouckere is a Counsellor of the Court of Appeal, as well as a Deputy. Four days after the above mentioned order was issued; but we are informed that, by the personal desire of the King, the execution of the order has been deferred, although it has not been entirely rescinded."

Napoleon's Honors to Washington.—Bonaparte rendered unusual honors to the name of Washington not long after the event of his death was made known in France. By what motives he was prompted it is needless to inquire. At any rate, both the act itself and his manner of performing it are somewhat remarkable, when regarded in connection with his subsequent career. He was then First Consul. On the 9th of February he issued the following order of the day to the army:—"Washington is dead! This great man fought against tyranny; he established the liberty of his country. His memory will always be dear to the French people, as it will be to all free men of the two worlds, and especially to French soldiers, who, like him and the American soldiers, have combated for liberty and equality." The First Consul likewise ordered that, during ten days, black crape should be suspended from all the standards and flags throughout the republic. On the same day a splendid ceremony took place in the Champ de Mars, and the trophies brought by the army from Egypt were displayed with great pomp. Immediately after the ceremony was over, a funeral oration in honor of Washington (Eloge Funebre de Washington) was pronounced by M. de Fontanes, in the Hotel des Invalids, then called the Temple of Mars. The First Consul and all the civil and military authorities of the capital were present.

Life of Washington.

The Bearing-rein.—At the recent annual meeting of the Bath and West of England Society, for the encouragement of agriculture, the arts, &c., Mr. M'Adam exhibited a set of Scotch harness, which he brought forward with a view to convince the public that want of care in the use of draught horses in this kingdom added considerably to the expense of hauling in general. The price of the harness was only £3 11s. The saddle-tree was constructed with peculiar care, and sat easy on a horse's back as a riding-saddle, so that the horse scarcely felt the lateral motion of the shafts of the cart. The bridle was distinguished by the absence of a bearing-rein, which Mr. M'Adam was convinced did no good, but rather harm; and he was glad to find that reason was generally prevailing over custom and prejudice, and driving it out. He had long noticed the disadvantages of the bearing-rein; one was, the elongation of the horse's mouth by the force he used to get his head out to use the muscles in the way which nature designed. He was coming up a hill from Exeter some time since on a coach, when the horses stood still, refusing to take the load up the hill; by permission of the coachman he (Mr. M'Adam) took the bearing reins off the horses, and they immediately proceeded up the hill with the load.

Bristol paper.

Salmon Fishing.—The take of salmon trout in the different river fishings within the bounds of Dumfriesshire and Galloway, has been greater upon the whole since the season commenced than for four or five preceding years. In 1833, June had arrived before the majority of the tacksmen paid expenses, while this year, keeping out of view tackle and the interest of rent, expenses, we rather think, have been paid pretty nearly from the beginning. On Monday morning Mr. Scott caught twenty-five trouts and one salmon, and we farther learn that our old friends the halvers, at Glencaple Quay, are coming in for their own share of good luck. Two of them, to say the least, caught a dozen trouts each last week; but these, of course, were mere trifles compared to the High Jinks at Tongland. On the 11th of April sixty-seven salmon were caught in one day. Sixty of these, from all we can learn, were taken at one haul, and seven at a second. The average weight was, as nearly as may be, 8 lbs., and the proceeds, at 18d., £40 4s.

Dumfries Courier.

AN ILLINOIS ADVENTURE.

THE LAST PANTHER'S LEAP.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the Indian summer, that season which, particularly in the Western portion of our country, is of all others the most enchanting; the bright beams of the sun were tempered by the cool and refreshing breeze that ruffled with soft music the parti-colored foliage of the trees. All who have stood at this season of the year on the prairies of the West, with uncovered brow, will recall the beauty spread wide around them far better than I can describe it

Seizing my rifle, I left my uncle Jonathan's log hut, and wandered leisurely over the prairie in the direction of the wood. Having passed through a corner of the forest, I found myself near a small bluff, upon the top of which I could plainly discern the stately outlines and branching antlers of a buck painted in dark lines against the horizon. Entering the skirts of the forest once more, I crept warily round the hill, in order to approach unseen within hailing distance of the object of my pursuit. Stooping low, I hurried behind the rugged line of rocks at the base of the hill, until I reached a place from which I supposed I should command a prospect of the whole broad summit. Nor was I mistaken; for on peering carefully over the edge of the rock, I beheld my game in fair view about a hundred yards distant, little suspecting an enemy, at least in that direction. Thrusting the muzzle of my rifle over the rock, I took a deliberate aim at his side, and pulled the trigger. The quick sharp crack of the cap alone followed. This was a disappointment; but quick as possible I cringed behind the rock, and, trembling with eagerness, sought for another cap. After consuming twice the time necessary, and scattering my caps in all directions upon the ground, I was at length once more in a state of preparation. My heart beat as I saw the majestic animal still occupying his former position, though with head erect, snuffing the breeze, and darting his lightning glances in every quarter, unknowing in what direction to flee to avoid the death. Again I pointed my rifle and fired. The noble buck sprang into the air, and I sprang over the rock. When I reached the spot, his limbs were already quivering. In loading again, I found I had but one charge in my flask; so with all convenient haste, as it was now nearly sunset, I drew my long knife, which formed an indispensable item in my hunting accoutrements, and having dissected the animal which I had slain, proceeded homeward, loaded with the skin and two quarters, which was all I could conveniently carry, and which, with my piece, formed a very respectable burden. Striking into a path which I supposed would conduct me by a nearer route through the forest, I hurried on with all the speed my load would allow. But after consuming sufficient time to have brought me out, I was somewhat surprised at discovering that instead of drawing near the opening, my path seemed to become less distinct as I advanced, and to conduct me further into the depth of the forest. However, I pressed on with alacrity, deeming it sure that I should soon emerge, and knowing that to retrace my steps would only be conducting me in a course directly opposite to my home.

It was now growing quite dark in the wood, by which the indistinctness of the treacherous path I had followed was of course increased. When standing still with doubt and uncertainty, the long drawn howl of a wolf came with fearful distinctness upon my ear. So suddenly it came, it pierced like a knell "the fearful hollow of my ear," announcing in a tone not to be misunderstood, the kind of companions I should be likely to have should I be compelled to pass the ighht in the woody labyrinth—a prospect which, though by no means agreeable, seemed yet not improbable. Nevertheless, I resolved to proceed, and either to come safely out, or brave whatever dangers I might encounter with a manly heart. Wandering on as well as I might in my former direction, I soon found myself near a brook which murmured on through a shady dell, and immediately determined to follow it, satisfied that it must, sooner or later, conduct me into the open world once more. It was now after sunset, and so dark that I could scarcely see to pick my dubious and fearful way. I would have lightened myself of my burden, but the increased howling of the wolves, which seemed to be gathering in a body behind me, warned me that it might soon become my only protection. You may be sure that these not musical, but most melancholy notes tended not to diminish my speed or trepidation, and I seemed to be chasing down the little brook, with all the demons of the pit crowding and yelling behind me.

Presently I could detect a discordant note among the voices of this infernal choir, which I knew at once to be the cry of the panther, than which I would rather have met in general assembly all the wolves of the forest. Notwithstanding the increase of speed caused by the last unpleasant discovery, it availed me so little that I could soon distinguish the rustling of leaves and crackling of dry branches, and presently after the measured bounds of the panther struck plain upon my ear and to my heart. When it seemed to my frightened fancy that I could almost feel the monster's hot breath upon me, and see in the dark the glare of his eyeballs, I procured a temporary reprieve by dropping one quarter of my fine buck, which I had intended for a far different purpose. Howeve, I well knew that he would delay only to return with increased ferocity after his repast. I quickened my pace, if that were possible, straining every nerve with a faint hope of gaining the edge of the wood before I was again placed in so dangerous a vicinity to my pursuers, but in vain; I could soon distinguish again his lengthened bounds, each one bringing him nearer and nearer.

When he approached so near that I considered him too familiar, I again baited him with my venison. This I did till my load was gone; and instead of being satisfied, the fierce animal seemed but to have sharpened his appetite for a richer repast. When I had dropped the last remaining fragment, my means of defence or escape seemed to have been exhausted. However, I resolved to climb with all haste into the first tree that would admit of it, and defend myself as well as I could with the sole charge in my rifle. By good fortune I immediately discovered one which answered my purpose very well. It was of a middling size, and destitute of branches for some twenty or thirty feet from the ground. I found no difficulty in climbing it with gun in hand, as my short sojourn in the country had made me quite an adept at many such indispensable accomplishments.

I had no sooner seated myself on the first bough, ready with my gun, than I could hear my late acquaintance bounding forward again, and soon, by the dim light that had enabled me to discover the tree, discerned his form alternately ascending and descending, leaping high into the air, and it seemed to me, full twenty feet forward each time. It did not in the least puzzle his sagacity to comprehend that the trail he was following came to a very abrupt conclusion; for after running several times round the tree, he finally settled himself down beneath, and raised such a tremendous yelp, that in spite of all my attempts to wear a brave heart, and yield as little as possible to terror, this with the long and quavering cry of the approaching pack, could not but run like iron through my blood. Much to my astonishment, the wolves seemed content to occupy the back ground. This was soon explained by the appearance of another panther. These two formidable enemies occupied the ground alone, while the murderous but cowardly wolves slunk back into the obscurity of the woods.

Upon this new arrival the two seemed for a short time to be holding an infernal council. Soon one of them started and ran off, while the other remained crouching beneath the tree. I was at a loss to comprehend precisely what this movement might import, though I could in any case only remain quiet, with my rifle ready poised. It was difficult to resist the temptation of firing at the remaining one, but I resolved to preserve my last charge in case of a greater emergency.

I now had leisure to plan every method of escape that my invention could devise. Other reflections by no means so pleasant would persist in intruding themselves. I had retained this position but a few minutes when I heard a slight crackle of a dry branch in another tree, distant two or three rods from the one I was in. I darted my eyes in that direction, and there, crouched on a limb a little higher than the one I rested on, I could plainly see the other panther, in the very act of springing upon me. Quick as thought I drew up my rifle and fired. The sudden glare shot far into the bosom of dim night, and lit up the woods for a moment like a flash of lightning. I could fancy it reflected from a thousand wild eyes, that were gleaming in anxious expectancy upon me.

But there was slight opportunity for reflection. As the panther, at the moment I fired, was on the point of springing, the impetus sent him forward and downward, so that he struck his claw upon the limb where my foot rested. For a moment he struggled to retain his grasp, and then fell dying to the ground. The other panther set up a dismal howl, and then started off in a similar manner with the first, and I doubt not with a similar intention. As soon, therefore, as he was out of sight, I slipped hastily from the tree, threw away my rifle, and started with all the speed desperation could lend. I still ran down the brook, that being my only hope—though my heart told me that even that was but slight.

I could soon perceive by the howling that the wolves were again in fresh pursuit. I had ran on now for near half an hour, keeping in advance of the wolves, who had not the courage to attack me, when I again heard the measured bound of the panther. My heart sank within me, and I was almost in despair, when I thought I caught a glimpse of the sky through the trees before me. I now strained every nerve, inwardly praying that this might be the case. If it was I knew I was safe; otherwise, I could see no probable way of escape. The panther seemed to be aware of the necessity of putting forth a last effort, and gained upon me even faster than before. I could not turn to look, but I was well aware that every leap brought him nearer to me. At last I reached some thick firs, and one bound from them brought me into the open moonlight. There was a house not fifty rods from the place where I was. I knew the place at a glance; it was a mill upon the brook I had followed, situated about ten miles from my uncle's house whence I started. The panther followed me half way to the house, towards which I struck with all speed. As I burst open the door and found that I was so quickly transported from the most imminent danger to a place of security, the revulsion of my feelings was so powerful that I fell headlong upon the floor in a swoon. However, I was among friends, and lacked no needful attention, and the next day was ready to hunt again—taking the precaution, however, to examine my powder-flask before I started.

Middlebury, Vt., April 26, 1839. S. G. J.

JIM SOOLIVAN'S ADVENTURES IN THE GREAT SNOW,

BEING A NINTH EXTRACT FROM THE LEGACY OF THE LATE FRANCIS PURCELL, P. P. OF DRUMCOOLAGH.

Jim Sulivan was a dacent, honest boy as you'd find in the seven parishes, an' he was a beautiful singer, an' an illegant dancer intirely, an' a mighty pleasant boy in himself; but he had the divil's bad luck, for he married for love, an' av course he never had an asy minute afther. Nell Gorman was the girl he fancied, an' a beautiful slip of a girl she was, jist twinty to the minute when he married her. She was as round an' as complate in all her shapes as a firkin, you'd think, an' her two checks was as fat an' as red, it id open your heart to look at them. But beauty is not the thing all through, an' as beautiful as she was, she had the divil's tongue, an' the divil's timper, an' the divil's behavour all out; an' it was impassible for him to be in the house with her for while you'd count tin without havin' an argument, an' as sure as she riz an argument with him she'd hit him a wipe iv a skillet or whatever lay next to her hand. Well, this wasn't at all plasin' to Jim Sulivan you may be sure, an' there was scarce a week that his head wasn't plasthered up, or his back bint double, or his nose swelled as big as a pittaty, with the vilence of her timper, an' his heart was scalded everlastinly with her tongue; so he had no pace or quietness in body or soul at all at all, with the way she was goin' on. Well, your honour, one cowld snowin' evenin' he kim in afther his day's work regulatin' the men in the farm, an' he sat down very quiet by the fire, for he had a scrimmidge with her in the mornin', an' all he wanted was an air iv the fire in pace; so divil a word he said but dhrew a stool an' sat down close to the fire. Well, as soon as the woman saw him, "Move aff," says she, "an' don't be inthrudin' an the fire," says she. Well, he kept never mindin', an' didn't let an to hear a word she was sayin'; so she kim over, an' she had a spoon in her hand, an' she took jist the smallest taste in life iv the boilin' wather out iv the pot, an' she dhropped it down an his shins, an' with that he let a roar you'd think the roof id fly aff iv the house. "Hould your tongue, you barbarian," says she, "you'll waken the child," says she. "An' if I done right," says he, for the spoonful of boilin' wather riz him intirely, "I'd take yourself," says he, "an' I'd stuff you into the pot an the fire, an' boil you," says he, "into castor oil," says he. "That's purty behavour," says she; "it's fine usage you're givin' me, isn't it?" says she, gettin' wickeder every minute; "but before I'm boiled," says she, "thry how you like *that*," says she; an', sure enough, before he had time to put up his guard, she hot him a rale terrible clink iv the iron spoon acrass the jaw. "Hould me, some iv ye, or I'll murdher her," says he. "Will you?" says she, an' with that she hot him another tin times as good as the first. "By jabers," says he, slappin' himself behind, "that's the last salute you'll ever give me," says he, "so take my last blessin'," says he, "you ungovernable baste," says he—an', with that he pulled an his hat an' walked out iv the door. Well, she never minded a word he said, for he used to say the same thing all as one every time she dhrew blood; an' she had no expectation at all but he'd come back by the time supper id be ready; but faix the story didn't go quite so simple this time, for while he was walkin', lonesome enough, down the borheen, with his heart almost broke with the pain, for his shins an' his jaw was mighty troublesome, av course, with the thratement he got, who did he see but Mick Hanlon, his uncle's sarvint *by*, ridin' down, quiet an' asy, an the ould black horse, with a halter as long as himself. "Is that Mr. Soolivan?" says the *by*, says he, as soon as he saw him a good bit aff. "To be sure it is, ye spalpeen, you," says Jim, roarin' out; "what do you want wid me this time a-day?" says he. "Don't you know me?" says the gossoon, "it's Mick Hanlon that's in it," says he. "Oh, blur an agers, thin, it's welcome you are, Micky asthore," says Jim; "how is all wid the man an' the woman beyant?" says he. "Oh!" says Micky, "bad enough," says he; "the ould man's jist aff, an' if you don't hurry like shot," says he, "he'll be in glory before you get there," says he. "It's jokin' ye are," says Jim, sorrowful enough, for he was mighty partial to his uncle intirely. "Oh, not in the smallest taste," says Micky, "the breath was jist out iv him," says he, "when I left the farm; an' says he,—'take the ould black horse,' says he, 'for he's shure-footed for the road,' says he, 'an' bring Jim Soolivan here,' says he, 'for I think I'd die asy af I could see him onst,' says he." "Well," says Jim, "will I have time," says he, "to go back to the house? for it would be a consolation," says he, "to tell the bad news to the woman," says he. "It's too late you are already," says Micky, "so come up behind me, for God's sake," says he, "an' don't waste time;" an' with that he brought the horse up beside the ditch, an' Jim Soolivan mounted up behind Micky, an' they rode off, an' tin good miles it was iv a road, an' at the other side of Keeper intirely; an' it was snowin' so fast that the ould baste could hardly go on at all at all, an' the two bys an his back was jist like a snowball all as one, an' almost fruz an' smothered at the same time, your honour; an' they wor both mighty sorrowful intirely, an' their toes almost dhroppin' aff wid the could. An' when Jim got to the farm his uncle was gettin' an illegantly, an' he was sittin' up sthrong and warm in the bed, an' improvin' every minute, an' no signs av dyin' an him at all at all; so he had all his throuble for nothin'. But this wasn't all, for the snow kem so thick that it was umpassible to get along the roads at all at all; an' faix, instead iv gettin' betther, next mornin' it was only tin times worse; so Jim had jist to take it asy, an' stay wid his uncle antil such times as the snow id melt. Well, your honour, the evenin' Jim Soolivan wint away, whin the dark was closin' in, Nell Gorman, his wife, begind to get mighty ancasy in herself whin she didn't see him comin' back at all; an' she was gettin' more an' more frightful in herself every minute till the dark kem an, an' divil a taste of her husband was comin' at all at all. "Oh!" says she, "there's no use in purtendin', I know he's kilt himself; he has committed infantycide an himself," says she, "like a dissipated bliggard as he always was," says she, "God rest his soul. Oh, thin, isn't it me an' not you, Jim Soolivan, that's the unforthunate woman," says she, "for ain't I cryin' here, an' isn't he in heaven, the bliggard," says she. "Oh, voh, voh, it's not at home comfortable with your wife an' family that you are, Jim Soolivan," says she, "but in the other world, you aumathaun, in glory wid the saints, I hope," says she. "It's I that's the unforthinate famale," says she, "an' not yourself, Jim Soolivan," says she. An' this way she kep an till mornin', cryin' an' lamintin'; an' wid the first light she called up all the sarvint bys, an' she tould them to go out an' to sarch every inch iv ground to find the corpse, "for I'm sure," says she, "it's not to go hide himself he would," says she. Well, they went as well as they could rummagin' through the snow, antil, at last, what should they come to, sure enough, but the corpse of a poor thravelling man, that fell over the quarry the night before by rason of the snow an' some licqure he had, maybe; but, at any rate, he was as dead as a herrin', an' his face was knocked all to pieces jist like an over-boiled pitaty, glory be to God; an' divil a taste of a nose or a chin, or a hill or a hollow from one end av his face to the other but was all as flat as a pancake; an' he was about Jim Soolivan's size, an' dhressed out exactly the same, wid a ridin' coat an' new cordheroys; so they carried him home, an' they were all as sure as daylight it was Jim Soolivan himself, an' they were wondherin' he'd do sich a dirty turn as to go kill himself for spite. Well, your honour, they waked him as well as they could, with what neighbours they could get together, but by rason iv the snow, there wasn't enough gothered to make much divarsion; however it was a plisint wake enough, an' the churchyard an' the priest bein' convanient, as soon as the youngsthers had their bit iv fun an' diversion out iv the corpse, they buried it without a great dale iv throuble; an' about three days afther the berrin', ould Jim Mallowney, from th'other side of the little hill, her own cousin by the mother's side—he had a snug bit iv a farm an' a house close by, by the same token—kem walkin' in to see how she was in her health, an' he dhrew a chair, an' he sot down an' beginned to convarse her about one thing an' another, antil he got her quite an' asy into middlin' good humour; an' as soon as he seen it was time, "I'm wondherin'," says he, "Nell Gorman, sich a handsome, likely girl, id be thinkin' iv nothin' but lamintin' an' the likes," says he, "an' lingerin' away her days without any consolation, or gettin' a husband," says he. "Oh," says she, "isn't it only three days since I burried the poor man," says she, "an isn't it rather soon to be talkin' iv marryin' agin?" "Divil a taste," says he, "three days is jist the time to a minute for cryin' afther a husband, an' there's no occasion in life to be keepin' it up," says he; "an' besides all that," says he, "Shrovetide is almost over, an' if you don't be stirrin' yourself an' lookin' about you, you'll be late," says he, "for this year at any rate, an' that's twelve months lost, an' who's to look afther the farm all that time?" says he, "an' to keep the men to their work?" says he. "It's thrue for you, Jim Mallowney," says she, "but I'm afeared the neighbours will be all talkin' about it," says she. "Divil's cure to the word," says he. "An' who would you advise?" says she. "Young Andy Curtis is the boy," says he. "He's a likely boy in himself," says she; "an' as handy a gossoon as is out," says he. "Well, thin," Jim Mallowney," says she, "here's my hand, an' you may be talkin' to Andy Curtis, an' if he's willin' I'm agreable—is that enough?" says she.

So with that he made off with himself strait to Andy Curtis, an' before three days more was past the weddin' kem an, an' Nell Gorman an' Andy Curtis were married as complate as possible; an' if the wake was plisint the weddin' was tin times as agreable, an' all the neighbours that could make their way to it was there, an' there was three fiddlers an' lots iv pipers, an ould* Connor Shamus the piper himself was in it—by the same token it was the last weddin' he ever played music at, for the next mornin', when he was goin' home, bein' mighty hearty an' plisint in himself, he was smothered in the snow, undher the ould castle; an' by my sowl he was a sore loss to the bys and girl's twenty miles round, for he was the illigantest piper, barrin' the liquer alone, that ever worked a bellows. Well, a week passed over smart enough, an' Nell an' her new husband was mighty well continted with one another, for it was too soon for her to begin to regulate him the way she used with poor Jim Soolivan, so they wor comfortable enough; but this was too good to last, for the thaw kem an, an' you may be sure Jim Soolivan didn't lose a minute's time as soon as the heavy dhrift iv snow was melted enough between him and home to let him pass, for he didn't hear a word iv news from home sinst he lift it, by rason that no one, good nor bad, could thravel at all, with the way the snow was dhrifted. So, one night, when Nell Gorman an' her new husband, Andy Curtis, was snug an' warm in bed, an' fast asleep, an' every thing quite, who should come to the door, sure enough, but Jim Soolivan himself, an' he beginned flakin' the door wid a big blackthorn stick he had, an' roarin' out like the divil to open the door, for he had a dhrop taken.

"What the divil's the matther?" says Andy Curtis, wakenin' out iv his sleep. "Who's batin' the door?" says Nell: "what's all the noise for?" says she. "Who's in it?" says Andy. "It's me," says Jim. "Who are you?" says Andy; "what's your name?" "Jim Soolivan," says he. "By jabers you lie," says Andy. "Wait till I get at you," says Jim, hittin' the door a lick iv the wattle you'd hear half a mile off. "It's him, sure enough," says Nell; "I know his speech; it's his wanderin' sowl that can't get rest, the crass o' Christ betune us an' harm." "Let me in," says Jim, "or I'll dhrive the door in a top iv yis. "Jim Soolivan, Jim Soolivan," says Nell, sittin' up in the bed, an' gropin' for a quart bottle iv holy wather she used to hang by the back iv the bed, "don't come in, darlin', there's holy wather here," says she; "but tell me from where you are is there any thing that's throublin' your poor sinful sowl?" says she. "An' tell me, how many masses 'ill make you asy, an' by this crass, I'll buy you as many as you want," says she. "I don't know what the divil you mane," says Jim. "Go back," says she, "go back to glory, for God's sake," says she. "Divil's cure to the bit iv me 'ill go back to glory, or any where else," says he, "this blessed night; so open the door at onst, an' let me in," says he. "The Lord forbid," says she. "By jabers you'd betther," says he, "or it 'ill be worse for you," says he; an' wid that he fell to wallopin' the door till he was fairly tired, an' Andy an' his wife crassin' themselves an' sayin' their prayers for the bare life all the time. "Jim Soolivan," says she, as soon as he was done, "go back, for God's sake, an' don't be freakenin' me an' your poor fatherless childhren," says she. "Why, you bosthoon, you," says Jim, "won't you let your husband in," says he, "to his own house?" says he. "You *wor* my husband, sure enough," says she, "but it's well you know, Jim Soolivan, "you're not my husband *now*," says she. "You're as dhrunk as can be consaved," says Jim. "Go back, in God's name, pacibly to your grave," says Nell. "By my sowl, it's to my grave you'll sind me, sure enough," says he, "you hard-hearted bain', for I'm jist aff wid the cowld," says he. "Jim Sulivan," says she, "it's in your dacent coffin you should be, you unforthunate sperit," says she; "what is it's annoyin' your sowl, in the wide world, at all?" says she; "hadn't you every thing complate?" says she, "the oil, an' the wake, an' the berrin'?" says she. "Och, by the hoky," says Jim, "it's too long I'm makin' a fool iv mysilf, gostherin' wid you outside iv my own door," says he, "for it's plane to be seen," says he, "you don't know what you're sayin', an' no one *else* knows what you mane, you unforthunate fool," says he; "so, onst for all, open the door quietly," says he, "or, by my sowkins, I'll not lave a splinther together," says he. Well, whin Nell an' Andy seen he was getting vexed, they beginned to bawl out their prayers, with the fright, as if the life was lavin' them; an' the more he bate the door, the louder they prayed, until at last Jim was fairly tired out. "Bad luck to you," says he: "for a rale divil av a woman," says he. "I can't get any advantage av you, any way; but wait till I get hould iv you, that's all," says he. An' he turned aff from the door, an' wint round to the cow house, an' settled himself as well as he could, in the sthraw; an' he was tired enough wid the thravellin' he had in the day time, an' a good dale bothered with what liquor he had taken; so he was purty sure of sleepin' wherever he thrun himself. But, be my sowl, it wasn't the same way with the man an' the woman in the house—for divil a wink iv sleep, good or bad, could they get at all, wid the fright iv the spirit, as they supposed; an' with the first light they sint a little gossoon, as fast as he could wag, straight off, like a shot, to the priest, an' to desire him, for the love o' God, to come to them an the minute, an' to bring, if it was plasin' to his ravarence, all the little things he had for sayin' mass, an' savin' sowls, an' banishin' sperits, an' freckenin' the divil, an' the likes iv that. An' it wasn't long till his raverence kem down, sure enough, on the ould gray mare, wid the little mass-boy behind him, an' the prayer-books an' bibles, an' all the other mystarious articles that was wantin', along wid him; an' as soon as he kem in, "God save all here," says he. "God save ye, kindly, your raverence," says they. "An' what's gone wrong wid ye?" says he; "ye must be very bad," says he, "entirely, to disturb my devotions," says he, "this way, jist at breakfast time," says he. "By my sowkins," says Nell, "it's bad enough we are, your raverence," says she, "for it's poor Jim's sperit," says she; "God rest his sowl, wherever it is," says she, "that was wandherin' up an' down, opposit the door all night," says she, "in the way it was no use at all, thryin' to get a wink iv sleep," says she. "It's to lay it, you want me, I suppose," says the priest. "If your raverence, 'id do that same, it 'id be plasin' to us," says Andy.

Well, there wasn't a second word to the bargain; so they paid him the money down, an' he settled the table out like an althar, before the door, an' he settled it out wid all the things he had wid him; an' he lit a bit iv a holy candle, an' he scathered his holy wather right an' left; an' he took up a big book, an' he wint an readin' for half an hour, good; an' whin he kem to the end, he tuck hould iv his little bell, and he beginned to ring it for the bare life; an', by my sowl, he rung it so well, that he wakened Jim Sulivan in the cow-house, where he was sleepin,' an' up he jumped, widout a minute's delay, an' med right for the house, where all the family an' the priest, an' the little mass-boy was assimbled, layin' the ghost; an' as soon as his raverence seen him comin' in at the door, wid the fair fright, he flung the bell at his head, an' hot him sich a lick iv it in the forehead, that he sthretched him an the floor; but faix he he didn't wait to ax any questions, but he cut round the table as if the divil was afther him, an' out at the door, an' didn't stop even as much as to mount an his mare, but leathered away down the borheen as fast his legs could carry him, though the mud was up to his knees, savin' your presence. Well, by the time Jim kem to himself, the family persaved the mistake, an' Andy wint home, lavin' Nell to make the explanation. An' as soon as Jim heerd it all, he said he was quite contint to lave her to Andy, entirely; but the priest would not hear iv it; an' he jist med him marry his wife over again, an' a merry widdin' it was, an' a fine collection for his raverence. An' Andy was thare along wid the rest, an' the priest put a small pinnance upon him, for bein' in too great a hurry to marry a widdy. An bad luck to the word he'd allow any one to say an the business, ever after, at all, at all, so, av course, no one offinded his reverence, by spakin' iv the twelve pounds he got for laying the sperit. An' the neighbours wor all mighty well plased, to be sure, for gettin' all the divarsion of a wake, an' two weddin's for nothin.'

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* Literally, Cornelius James—the last name employed as a patronymic. Connor is used, invariably, in the South, as the short name for Cornelius, or "Crohore."

THE HORNET.

The following curious narrative appears in the Washington correspondence of the Charleston Courier, under date of the 18th inst. We have heard no intimation of any thing of the sort, and are under the impression that the Correspondent of the Courier has "drawn on his fancy for facts." We, however, give it for what it is worth.

WASHINGTON, July 18, 1839.

After a protracted silence—*post longo intervallo*—I resume my pen to give you the substance of a report which has for some days agitated our usually stoical community. A deep mystery has hitherto involved the fate of the *Hornet*, which was supposed to have foundered, years ago, in a gale; and every circumstance, however improbable, which related to her position, when last seen, has been ferreted out and narrated, with a degree of minuteness which evinces the deep feeling which to this day exists in relation to her fate. A new and startling light has been suddenly cast upon the mystery, by the offer of an individual to exhibit proofs that this ill-fated vessel outlived the gale, in which it was believed that she perished, and met her destruction from enemies more cruel than the elements. The name of the individual it would be obviously improper to publish until his story shall have assumed a more definite and authentic form, and the testimony, by which it is to be established, shall have been obtained. The amount of the disclosure here made is that, after passing through the gale in safety, her magazine was fired by conspirators, bribed to effect this diabolical purpose by the head of a foreign government, and that four hundred brave men were thus instantaneously hurried into eternity, in a moment of entire self-security, and while the interchange of congratulations for the preservation from the prey of wind and wave was yet unfinished. He who voluntarily comes forward to make this disclosure states that he was not himself present at the catastrophe, but that a friend was there; and for this friend he requires pardon in the establishment of the truth of his statement. He also asks for a pecuniary reward for himself. The evidence on which he proposes to establish the fact is the production of the ship's log book up to the moment of the catastrophe, and also of the private letters of the officers. The subject is now before the Navy Board, and has led to frequent and long deliberation. But they will not be able to come to any conclusion as to the conditions required by the informant. Indeed, they have no authority vested in them to make stipulations of a pecuniary nature.

HOW TO ROUSE THE WATCH ON DECK.

"You know, shipmate," said Jack, "that some of our West India traders, belonging to 'down east,' are very apt to neglect keeping 'a look out ahead' during the night time. I once belonged to the brig Nonsuch, Captain Seagull, and we sailed from Portland, bound to Demarara, with a cargo consisting of lumber and Yankee notions; and we had the sleepiest set of men on board that I ever met with, and I have fallen in with some pretty persevering sleepers in my day. But I verily believe that some of these long-limbed Yankees from down east would sleep with their heads in a bucket of water, especially if it was their watch on deck.

One night, about ten days after leaving port, we were crossing the pleasant latitudes of the trade winds, with all sail set, closely hauled, when the captain took it into his head to go on deck. It was about four bells in the middle watch. He found the old brig under the influence of a light breeze, comfortably ploughing her way along towards the south, at the rate of two or three knots—and *every man on deck was fast asleep!*

The mate, and he was a smart fellow enough, too, when he was awake, was enjoying a right royal nap on the weather hen-coop—the man at the helm, desirous of following such a laudable example, had nippered the tiller rope with a rope-yarn, and stretched himself comfortably on the quarter-deck; and the other two men of the watch had deposited their carcasses on a couple of soft white pine boards, and were snoring away like good fellows, as if sleeping for a wager!

The captain saw with a glance the lay of the land, and being a funny dog withal, resolved to have some sport. He went quietly to work and unrove the tiller-rope, unshipped the tiller, and quietly placed it in the small boat at the stern. He then took from the companion-way his large speaking-trumpet, which was only used on extraordinary occasions, went forward and passed out to the end of the flying jib-boom, and hailed the brig with the whole strength of his lungs—and his voice was none of the smallest—"Brig ahoy!" said he—"Hard up your helm! hard up! hard up! hard up! or I shall run you down!"

His horrible bawling awakened the watch, and the men, who were enjoying themselves on the soft pine boards when they should have been keeping an eye ahead and under the lee, half frightened out of their senses, and imagining, of course, that it came from on board a strange vessel about coming down upon them, repeated the order—"Hard up your helm!"

The mate jumped off the hen-coop, and without stopping to rub his peepers, screamed out like a madman, "Hard up your helm!"

By this time the helmsman himself had recovered his wandering senses, and had raised himself upon his legs. He loudly responded to the general cry of "Hard up your helm!" and sprung with unwonted energy to execute the order, but his astonishment may be more easily imagined than described when he found that the helm had disappeared!

The captain was meanwhile bawling out from the end of the jib-boom until he was black in the face, "Why don't you put your helm hard up?—Hard up!—hard a-port at once, or I shall cut you down to the water's-edge!"

The men in the waist repeated the orders, "Hard up!" and ran forward to see what was to pay. The mate turned to assist the helmsman, shouting out, "Hard up your helm, you sleepy headed lubber! hard up at once!" But he was thunder-struck when he found the tiller was missing, and floundered about like a struck dolphin.

By this time the watch below, of which I was one, came running on deck to see what was the cause of such a hullabullo; and a scene of alarm and confusion ensued, which went a leetle beyond anything I ever saw before or since. It was, however, at last put an end to by Captain Seagull, who came in from the jib-boom in an agony of laughter. As soon as he was able to speak, he soundly rated the watch for their neglect of duty, and he never had occasion to complain of a failure to keep a good look-out afterwards.

Boston Mercantile Journal.

Duel between the Marquess of Londonderry and Mr. Grattan.—On Thursday afternoon, at three o'clock, a meeting of these gentlemen was arranged on Wimbledon common, in consequence of a speech of the Marquess in the House of Lords, in which he applied to Mr. Henry Grattan the terms "base and infamous," in allusion to that part of his speech at Dublin, in which Mr. G. said "that her Majesty's life would not be safe if the Tories came into power." The parties were placed at the usual distance, and, on the signal being given, Lord Londonderry received Mr. Grattan's fire, and then fired in the air. Mr. Bodkin, M.P., on the part of Mr. Grattan, then expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and the affair terminated. Examiner.

An Indulgent Husband.—A person lately deceased in Bradford, after providing for the apprenticeship of his three sons, bequeathed £500 to his widow, but on the condition that she marry before six months after his decease. She is very good-looking, and will have no difficulty in complying with his injunction.

THE PIRATE.

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

(Concluded.)

Thick masses of clouds had accumulated so rapidly, that we were in almost utter darkness; the waves broke furiously and loudly upon the rocky shore—the muttering of the rising thunder rolled in repeated and dismal echoes, and the rare but blinding flashes of lightning threw a fitful and weird brightness over the surrounding mountains.

"A precious hurly-burly we shall have to-night," remarked Brissac, and certainly nothing short of being possessed by the devil would induce our captain to dream of sailing in such weather! Well, there's one comfort, he's up to several score of tricks that no one else knows anything about. Allow me to ask you a question: when we shall have stowed away all our crew in these casks and chests, leaving merely a dozen or so of hands upon deck to work the craft, where shall we meet with the fellow who will fancy that this is the jolly, rakish, devil-may-care Shark?"

"In other words, Brissac," said I, "you are beginning to think the life of a pirate a pleasant, safe, and profitable one enough; a life which you would like to pass for the remainder of your days."

"No, Daumont, no;—the devil!—be a pirate all the rest of my life? Egad! one's life, however, would probably not be very long in this line of business. O no—just let me accumulate a little more money, and no more piracy for me. Moreover, *I* have made up my mind never to kill any one, fight as often as we may; I shall content myself with taking my share of the booty, and stowing it carefully away, and, to say the truth, Daumont, my little stock looks well already."

Brissac's self-gratulatory babble was here suddenly interrupted by the man at the mast-head, shouting—"The English! the English!"

"The English!" replied Stamar, in a voice of thunder, "what do you mean, you stupid animal!"

"I tell you only the truth, captain," replied the sailor, who, trembling with terror and surprise, speedily made his way to the deck;—"there are no fewer than five boats rounding the point to cut us out."

And even while the man was speaking, the leading boat, crowded with armed seamen, rounded the point; an apparition which threw the whole of our crew into a perfectly indescribable state of disorder and perplexity.

"Peters!" shouted Stamar, "get up the arms—every man to his post—silence all—listen attentively and obey promptly: all will be well yet—with *us!*"

But his voice, heretofore so potent, was now only vainly thundered through the speaking trumpet: the men were too much terrified to heed even him. A panic had seized upon even the boldest; from stem to stern arose the fatal cry—"Save himself who can!"—a cry which completed the confusion, and rendered all attempts at rally or restoring discipline absolutely hopeless. It was in vain that Stamar threw himself in the midst of the terrified band, using his giant strength "like a giant;" it was to no purpose that four men in succession fell dead beneath his terrible blows. Escape was now all that the pirates dreamed of, and each, as he succeeded in evading Stamar, threw himself, burthened with all that was portable of his accumulated plunder, into the boiling and heaving waves.

Stamar, foaming with rage, at length saw himself deserted by nearly the whole of his lately numerous and zealous followers. Then, as if determined to

"Die, like the wolf, in silence,"

he folded his arms, and stood, scorning and motionless, upon the poop.

Lorenzo approached him. "Stamar!" said the smooth-spoken and cowardly barber, "all is lost!—You plainly see that it is so; why then, needlessly and to no good purpose, brave the enemies to whom you have done so much mischief, and given such deadly offence."

Stamar answered not a word; nay, judging by his fixed eyes and his unmoving features, I should scarcely think that he heard a word that the barber had said.

"Stamar!" repeated Lorenzo, in a louder tone.

The pirate now cast a withering glance upon his lieutenant, and said, in a hoarse voice, "What want you with me?—fly, fly, coward! *I* fly, indeed!—and fly, too, without vengeance!"

The look with which these words were accompanied fairly put to flight Lorenzo's very small stock of resolution and devotion; and rushing to the side, he leaped overboard, and swam towards the shore.

The long-threatened hurricane now burst upon us with the utmost fury; the rain fell in torrents, obscuring in its fall even the faint and dying twilight; and the waves, storm-lashed, broke more violently than ever upon the shore, mingling their noise with that of the more and more frequent thunder. Dark as it was, our vigilant enemies discovered our deserters, upon whom they kept up a brisk firing, though, owing to the tossing of the waves, the fugitives presented such uncertain aims that but comparatively little execution was done upon them.

On board the Shark there remained, besides Stamar, only Peters and myself. "Well, Peters," said I, "if you are ready for a swim, so am I—I only await you."

"And I, Daumont, only ask you to remain for five minutes longer. Captain," said he, approaching Stamar, "nothing but prompt resolution and bold action can save you from utter ruin. The English will be upon you in an instant."

Not a word nor a gesture gave any evidence that Stamar had heard what had been said to him.

"Captain!" repeated Peters.

Still the same silence.

"No doubt," said Peters, addressing me, "the captain is planning some stroke which will complete his ruin. Upon my soul it goes very much against my inclination to desert him, for, let him be what he may to other people, he has never been otherwise than friendly to me."

"Hark'ee, Peters," said I, "every instant is now very precious to us, and your extremely kind friend, the captain, does not appear to be in any especial hurry to reply to you. Will you come or not?"

"Humph! There's no help for it that I can see, so here's with you."

And in another instant we were both overboard and battling with the wind-lashed billows. All the English boats being just at that time gathered together in one point, we took the contrary direction, notwithstanding the increased distance which this plan compelled us to swim. Alas! if taking this direction was the safest for us, it caused us to recede from the point of land at which alone we could reasonably hope to meet with the poor Ermance and her servant.

Even while we were still struggling for our lives, I had the curiosity to glance back at Stamar. He remained standing in the same spot and in the same attitude in which we had left him; and he looked, seen as he now was from a distance, like some gigantic statue reared upon the bosom of the waters. Abandoning him to his fate, we now devoted all our attention to our own safety; and, thanks to the most obstinate and untiring exertions, we at length succeeded in making the land. Our first care was to plunge deep into the dense forest, and, after many vain researches, we found a safe and not uncomfortable asylum in the hollow trunk of an old palm tree.

Comfortable as our asylum was in itself, we soon discovered that it was situated in anything rather than a desirable neighborhood. Close by us, in fact, was an extensive swamp, whence mosquitoes in myriads sallied forth upon us; and we had scarcely been ashore two hours, when the enormous swelling of our features, and of every exposed part of our persons was such as to render us unrecognisable, at first sight, by our most intimate acquaintance. Nor was this the only inconvenience to which we were exposed during our temporary halt. In that climate the nights are altogether as cold as the days scorching hot, and we were completely frozen by the humid cold, against which our light linen clothing was quite inadequate to protect us. The worst violence of the tempest ceased soon after we got ashore, but as the evening deepened into night, a new and still more terrible source of dread occurred to us; we called to mind that the forests of this country were the haunts of ferocious beasts, and our only weapon was a clasp-knife between the two of us! More than once, during this most trying and terrible night, the underwood in our vicinity was violently agitated, and we could distinctly see numerous black bodies directing their path towards a stream which murmured at the distance of only a few paces from our retreat; and prolonged and melancholy cries announced to us at once the vicinity and the appetite of a troop of famished jackals. Fortunately we were enabled to remain unhidden, instead of having to sustain a desperate and hopeless warfare with the savage denizens of the forest; and our painful apprehensions on this head were at length happily dispelled by the faint and glancing pencils of light which announced to us the welcome approach of a new day. With what delight and gratitude did we not salute the so-much-desired dawn!

It now behoved us to commence our march; and it was a question of fully as much difficulty as importance in which quarter to direct our footsteps. Peters was for going southward, in which direction he thought it most likely that we should meet with Stamar and the crew, supposing the former to have made his way ashore. The very idea of again meeting with so ferocious a wretch as Stamar was unutterably revolting to my feelings; nevertheless Peters gave excellent reasons for deeming it politic, not to say absolutely necessary, that we should do so. "In the first place," said he, "you have nothing to fear, as I shall be with you; moreover, when once we get to Mattance, you will be allowed to depart from us without any great opposition, seeing that the captain, if he has effected his escape, of which I for one do not entertain the slightest doubt, will be extremely glad to get so easily and completely rid of you. Once free, however, I would most urgently advise you to keep a still tongue about all that concerns the Shark and her late crew, at least while you remain at Mattance or at the Havannah; for Stamar has plenty of spies at both places, and the most trifling indiscretion, calculated to compromise him or any of his followers, would infallibly cost you your life. But the last, and also the best, reason why we should endeavor to meet with Stamar or the crew is this, that we are a very honest two days' journey from any inhabited place, and have not a morsel of food, while Stamar, on the other hand, has had the precaution to lay up a good provision on shore, in a place known only to himself. So, you see, that unless we make up our minds to die of hunger, or to be torn to pieces by the jackals, our only rational plan is to endeavor to find Stamar."

To reasoning so cogent, what reply could I make? The only alternative that I could propose was, to return to the bay, and surrender ourselves as prisoners to the English; but Peters had little trouble in persuading me that this was even a more desperate expedient than taking our chance in the forest. "If perchance," said this cool and shrewd reasoner, "we are not hanged instantly, and without even the pretence of a trial, we may make our minds up to being sent to rot in a prison."

Convinced by the arguments of honest Peters, backed as they were by our helpless and hungry condition, I at once prepared to follow him whithersoever he might think fit to lead. And wretched, O very wretched, was the march which we now commenced! The stings of the infernal mosquitoes had swollen our feet to such an extent that the soles of them were rather round than flat; and it will easily be imagined that, in such case, every step we took was taken in agony. In addition to the pain thus occasioned, I soon began to experience feverish shudderings, from which I anticipated that I was about to be dangerously, if not fatally, attacked by the fever of the country. However, I used my utmost endeavors to follow as closely and as swiftly as possible in the footsteps of Peters, as it was quite evident that even the most trifling delay or loitering might very considerably diminish our ultimate chance of escape. A cruel day was that! A day of almost incredible exertion, and of quite indescribable suffering! Torn by the briars that abounded in the tangled thickets through which we were compelled to pass, we had to muster all our courage to encounter the perpetual repetition of smarting wounds; and, in spite of all our determination, the difficulties and obstacles opposed to us frequently proved so insuperable, that we were obliged either to retrace the way we had so painfully trodden, or take circuitous paths instead of making directly in the track which the sun indicated as our proper one. And then, amid all this dense and tangled forest, not a single cocoa—not a single banyan! Always around us the sharp and torturing underwood in the densest and most tangled masses—always above us the seemingly endless array of majestic but barren trees!

At the close of the second day of our horrible suffering and slow but most toilsome journeying, pain, fever, and weakness had so completely overcome me, that I fell powerless at the foot of a tree.

"Alas!" I bitterly thought, "the unhappy Ermance and her attendant are doubtless dead ere now, in consequence of this fatal attack having so completely deranged all our plans. Abandoned as she was at the outer extremity of the bay—poor, poor Ermance! you have doubtless perished while confidently expecting me to arrive and preserve you! Accursed mischance! Verily, it is indeed a sad fate which has pursued me for some months past, and seems only too likely to continue to the last moment of my existence. Is that moment to be sent here, in the mingled agonies of fever and of famine?"

Peters, who was of far more Herculean frame than I, had also far better supported our painful march; and while I lay helpless at the foot of the tree where I had fallen, he busied himself in exploring the surrounding spots, in the hope of finding some safer and more comfortable shelter for me during the night. He returned suddenly, and at the most rapid pace that the state of his feet would allow. "We are saved, Daumont!" he exclaimed, as soon as he got within hail of me; "there is a great light on this side; it is a fire kindled either by some of our people or by the Maroons; and faith, it would be far better even to fall into the hands of the negroes than to die here, like a couple of mangy dogs!"

This intelligence, and the joyous and eager tones in which he gave it, produced a most extraordinary effect upon me. I sprang from the ground totally unconscious of either pain or weakness, and we hastened forward in the direction in which Peters had seen the light. Already we had proceeded so far that I could see the fire blazing and throwing its ruddy light in a massive stream through the opening of a deep glade of the wood, when three men sprang suddenly from the underwood, and threw us to the ground before we could even attempt to defend ourselves, and the blades of their daggers gleamed above us.

"Avast there, you confounded lubbers," shouted Peters, breaking from the hold that was laid upon him, "do you take us for savages?"

"*Mon Dieu!*" replied a shrill voice, which I knew at once could belong to no one but Brissac, "why, it's Master Peters and Daumont! In truth, Master Peters, we are mortified at having saluted you so roughly, but you see we are keeping watch over our shipmates yonder."

"All very well for once, M. de Brissac," said Peters, tartly, "only another time I'll trouble you to look a little closer before you bring your dagger into play. And now, you gaping boobies, if you've stared at us long enough, conduct us to the captain, always supposing that those English dogs have not given him ais travelling ticket to t'other world."

"A pretty joke for the English to kill the captain!" said Brissac, leading the way; "no, no, he killed half a dozen of them with his own hand when they endeavored to board our poor Shark, and in half an hour afterwards he was safe and sound among us. But there he is, and Lorenzo with him; the latter feeling quite sure, and not a little glad, that you are both snug enough in the other world."

At that instant, in fact, I caught sight of the nocturnal bivouac, which presented an appearance at once wild, strange, and animated. An immense brazier, constantly fed with fuel by some of the men, threw its ruddy light far among the dark masses of the wood, and around it lay about fifty of the pirates, half naked, some careless and abandoning themselves to sleep, others with hand pressed on their weather-worn brows, as in anxiety or despair. These fifty were all of the lately numerous and terrible crew of the Shark that had not fallen beneath the fury of the English.

At some distance from the fire was Stamar, seated at the foot of a large palm tree; his countenance exhibiting, even more than formerly, the hardness and ferocity of his nature. Near him were the doctor and Lorenzo; the latter of whom, pale and downcast, seemed to recoil within himself as often as he encountered the contemptuous glances which from time to time were thrown upon him by Stamar. Our arrival converted the dead silence which had previously reigned in the bivouac into bustle and noise, and Peters, going up to Stamar, gave him an account of all that had befallen us.

"Very good, Peters," he coldly replied, when the latter had concluded, "I believe all you have said, and I must confess that I imagined you and Daumont had both perished by the hands of the enemy. For the rest, I well remember," added he, darting a look of anger and disgust towards Lorenzo, "that you two alone remained with me to the very last moment. This, at least, proves something for your dear Daumont, booby as he is in other respects. Probably you can contrive to eat and drink? Well!—there are plenty of provisions, so you have only to fall to."

He had no need to press us, for we threw ourselves, like impersonations of Famine, upon the biscuit and broiled meat that were set before us; then, giving way to the drowsiness that succeeded to our hunger, threw ourselves on the grass in the midst of the sleepers.

On the following day we prepared ourselves for encountering new perils, and committing new atrocities. Lorenzo, who was always the first to suggest crimes, and who was perfectly well acquainted with that part of the country, informed the captain that at about a day's march from us there was a rich and somewhat lonely English residence. He proposed that we should proceed thither and pillage it; and his proposition was received with perfectly frantic shouts of joy and approval.

No one was better pleased than Stamar, who enjoyed anticipatively the pleasure of inflicting injury and suffering upon the Englishman, in revenge for the severe check which he had recently received from English courage. Moreover, our provisions could hold out but a little while longer, the men were all but naked, and violence and pillage were absolutely necessary to restore that courage and confidence which recent disasters and sufferings had well-nigh destroyed. Nothing remained, then, but to settle the plan of attack, and Stamar, with his usual promptitude, soon made every arrangement for that.

"I have told the captain how unfit you are to go forward," said Peters to me; "and by way of answer he sent me to a hundred thousand devils, and told me that I may stay with you if I choose, but that he can leave us neither food nor water. It is quite certain, therefore, that you *must* go on with us; and you may rely upon it, I will assist you to my utmost."

These tidings completed my misery. No doubt the atrocities which the pirates would commit upon the rich Englishman's mansion would arouse a host of pursuers; and how, in my weak state, could *I* hope to escape?"

"No doubt," said Peters, who guessed my thoughts; "things look anything but smilingly. But, what the devil! you have preserved your papers—you have some acquaintances at the Havannah; and, lastly, you had surely better take up with any *chance* than with the certainty of leaving your body here as food for the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest."

It was impossible to dispute the justice of this reasoning, but my fever and weakness deprived me of the requisite energy for acting upon my conviction. While I still hesitated, the pirates put themselves in motion, gathered together their provisions, and filled the air with their barbarous songs of joy at the near prospect of new carnage and plunder. Stamar, leading the way with Lorenzo and a few picked men, gave the word to advance, and Peters alone remained near me.

"Come, come," said he "rouse yourself and decide."

Summoning all my remaining energy and resolution I rose, and we commenced our march in sight of, but at some distance from, the main body of the pirates. Whether my malady was just at an end, or whether the motion was more salutary than my former quiescence, I found myself considerably better by mid-day; and was greatly aided and cheered by Peters, who supported my tottering frame, and never for a single instant abandoned me. We considered ourselves extremely fortunate in finding some fruits and wild berries on our way; for our dear shipmates never once condescended to offer us any share of the provisions which still remained.

By sunset we arrived at the end of the forest, and before us, on the slope of a gentle mount, we saw, in the midst of vast fields of sugar-canes and coffee-trees, a handsome European-built house, neighbored by a multitude of huts. Stamar now commanded a halt, assembled all the people around him, and decided that the attack should be made at about one in the morning.

How long and tedious seemed the hours to our pirates! They endeavored to make it hang less heavy upon their hands by indulging in a thousand conjectures as to the greater or less riches contained in the mansion; as for the slaves, though, judging from the number of huts, they could not but be very numerous, the pirates gave themselves no concern about them, well knowing that they would rather join the pillagers than fight against them. The moon at length sank behind the mountain, and the band, under the orders and inspection of Stamar, made every preparation for the attack; and I felt I knew not what presentiment that some strange and important event was about to occur to me. In spite of myself I was compelled to associate Ermance with this prescient feeling. It seemed to me that I was upon the very point of rejoining her; yet I nevertheless could not wholly banish from my conviction the but too horrible truth of the picture my imagination had painted of her agonies and final death amid the howling and dreary wilderness. My powers suddenly became completely renovated, as if by some magical elixir; fever and pain I no longer felt, and I also made my preparations to go forward, in the hope that I might be able to snatch some victim from the cruelty of my companions. While I was thus engaged, Peters, who had been engaged with the captain, came to bid me farewell.

"The captain," said he, "has given me my orders, and I have no course left but to obey them. I promise you, however, that I will do whatever may be in my power to save some unfortunates. Scenes of carnage now no longer inspire me with any other feelings than disgust and horror. If Lorenzo, whose desire to murder you is no secret to any one, should approach you, I see you are sufficiently yourself again to blow his brains out; and if you persevere in making your way to the Havannah, it will not be long before we meet again. Adieu, Daumont! Courage and address!"

As pronouncing the last few words the worthy fellow grasped my hand; I actually shed tears; and I protest, that neither as a man nor as a sailor, do I feel the slightest shame for having done so.

An advanced guard, consisting of ten men, and headed by the execrable Lorenzo, was sent to reconnoitre the environs of the house, and speedily returned with intelligence that the moment was favorable for the attack, all within the house appearing to be plunged in the most profound repose. The whole band now moved towards the house, Stamar and Peters leading the way through the fields of sugar-cane, and taking every imaginable precaution against a premature alarm.

Urged on by the strange presentiment of which I have already spoken, I followed them and joined the rearmost rank.

"Ah, Daumont!" said Brissac; "you, too, must needs have a finger in the sauce!"

"Will you hold your tongue, you cursed babbler," said Stamar, approaching us; "or I'll send it to join your eye!"

"What a brute Stamar is!" muttered the Gascon; "n'importe—he's a devilish fine sailor for all that!"

While the Gascon was thus bestowing his eulogy and censure upon one who cared marvellously little about either one or the other, we neared the place of attack, when an accident occurred which bade fair to raise an alarm. One of the pirates stepped upon a serpent, which turned, hissing and furious, and bit him. The pained and startled man gave utterance to a howl of agony and terror, and Stamar rushed furiously towards him. The wounded man, however, did not await either the reproach or the punishment intended for him; but fell to the earth in perfectly awful convulsions, and expired.

"You have done well," said Stamar, coldly, and giving the body a slight kick; "if you had not done so, I should have had to square accounts with you."

The incident seemed to give no interruption to the peaceful slumbers of the inhabitants of the English house, and, after a short and breathless pause, Stamar proceeded to execute his murderous plan. The main body of his men he placed in ambush among some trees which shaded two of the marble baths which are so commonly seen in the Antilles near the houses of the planters, and ordered them to wait the signal patiently, and obey it promptly. Taking with him Lorenzo and Peters, and four of the most resolute of the band, he himself then entered the house by the door, which, after the common custom of those parts, was open.

During some minutes the most profound silence was maintained both within and without the house, so that the very breathing of the impatient pirates who lay in ambush seemed suppressed. Suddenly the silence was broken by shrieks from within the house; one of the persians of the first floor was opened, and we could distinguish Stamar holding, extended at full length along the balcony, a half-naked man, who struggled with great fury, and gave a lusty utterance to a rapid succession of Goddams.

"Silence! English dog," shouted Stamar, at the same time plunging his dagger into the throat of the Englishman, and slashing it across and across his features. "Silence, I tell you, this is for my pleasure!"

Then seizing the body of his victim in his muscular hands, he hurled it from the balcony towards the ambush, shouting "Comrades, behold the signal I promised you!"

And the welkin rang with the answering shout, "Death and plunder! Stamar for ever!"

Scarcely had the corpse of the unfortunate Englishman fallen heavily upon the earth, when his so lately peaceful house was filled with the tumultuous band of plunderers, displacing everything, destroying whatever was unsuitable for removal, and shouting and singing in an ecstacy of fiendish triumph. By this time, however, the blacks sallied forth in crowds from their little huts, and hastened towards the mansion, from which at the same instant rushed a half-naked and terrified man, pursued by some of the pirates. It was the commander or overseer of the slaves, among whom he threw himself, shouting, "Socorro! Arguda! aqui estan los pirates!—Help! To the rescue! The pirates are upon us!"

To this cry the pirates replied, "Death to the torturer of the slaves! Death to the oppressor and murderer of the negroes!"

The blacks, already hesitating, were decided by this artful appeal to their passions, and made way for the pirates, who seized upon the miserable overseer, and, in spite of his frantic struggles, cut his throat under the very eyes of the numerous slaves to whom but a few hours before his slightest word had been law. The sight of the man's blood, which gushed forth in torrents, had an electrical effect on the fierce sons of Africa; a cry of fury burst forth from among them, and rushing forward, they tore the yet warm body literally to pieces, and then joined in the pillage of the house.

One of them cast a burning brand into a window, and in a few minutes a thick cloud of smoke, mixed here and there with a wave of fire, darted from every opening, extending the influence of the ravaging element in every direction of the exterior as well as interior of the house. Just at that period I perceived a white figure dart through one of the windows on the ground-floor, and rush with the speed of a frightened bird towards the forest, followed by one of the pirates.

This victim, at all events, I might save, be she whom or what she might.

Taking a short cut, I placed myself opposite to the poor fugitive, who had about fifty paces the advance of her pursuer. As the former came near enough to allow of my distinguishing the features, I was for an instant rendered completely motionless by mingled surprise and joy. I speedily recovered myself, and exclaimed aloud "Ermance!"

"O God! I am saved then!" was the reply, and she fell senseless and powerless into my arms.

The brigand who had pursued her stopped when within about ten paces of us; it was my direst and most villanous enemy, Lorenzo. I laid down the senseless Ermance, and precipitated myself upon him.

"Infamous miscreant," I exclaimed, "at length, then, I can punish your villanies!"

Cruel and murderous as this wretch was, he was no less a dastard. He had only courage for crime; fighting, even for his life, was by no means to his liking, and he endeavored to take to flight; but, after eluding a blow that he feebly aimed at me with his boarding axe, I grasped him by the throat and dashed him to the earth.

Whatever may be thought of my avowal, I confess that it was with a positively luxurious feeling of rapture that I thrice buried the blade of my knife in his black and callous heart.

I now returned to Ermance, and to my great grief and perplexity, I found all my efforts to recall her to herself utterly unavailing. While I was pondering how to act, under circumstances at once so novel and embarrassing, my ears were saluted by a shrill whistle, the peculiar signal which had for a long time been agreed upon by Peters and myself, in the event of either needing the other's aid. Answering in the same note, I soon had the pleasure to see him hastening towards me, and bringing with him the servant of Ermance.

"*Parbleu!* Daumont," he cried, as he neared me, "you have done the cursed barber's business in real workmanlike style; for I just now saw him yield up his soul to that devil who certainly possessed it. But time's very precious, and we must make the most of it. All around lights are flashing, doubtless borne by those who are hastening to attack our sharks, and if we do not very speedily make our escape, we stand a very fair chance of being hanged without ceremony."

After much and persevering effort on the part of Zelia, the servant, Ermance was restored to consciousness, and the first impulse of us both was to rush into each other's arms. Peters, however, allowed us but brief time for endearments. He truly enough said, that every instant was precious. We hastened forward, therefore, and by daybreak had gained one of the great mountain roads. Fortunately Peters, while the house was being pillaged, having possessed himself of fifty doubloons, we were enabled to procure horses, and on the following day we arrived in safety at the Havannah.

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The Havannah, the capital of Cuba, is in itself a complete epitome of the whole island. In the lower quarters you are, on your first arrival, bewildered in the maze of crooked and narrow streets, composed of immensely high houses, provided within with immense openings, with persians to exclude the burning rays of the sun on the outside, and with immense bars of iron to exclude the robber.

In the faubourgs, the Havannah presents a more smiling aspect; elegant houses disclosing the delicate yellow of their facades in the midst of bouquets of camelias and magnolias, while farther and farther are seen groups of cocoas, or bannanas, with their long and drooping leaves. At evening, when the beneficent coolness at length allows and invites egress from the interior of the city, these faubourgs are alive with promenaders, both mounted and on foot.

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But, alas! the Havannah, beyond any other place, has hideous and horrible contrasts to its picture of marvellous prosperity. Here you may stumble over the still warm body of a man, the dagger which deprived him of life still remaining in his cleft heart—some unhappy victim of an imprudent word on his own part, or of a most vile cupidity on the part of his murderer. And the crowd go and come with such indifference—'tis only an ordinary sight to them.

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Such are the various aspects presented to the stranger by the Havannah—the finest port in the world; the city of death and riches, of splendor and of mourning.

On reaching the Havannah, Ermance agreed to take advantage of the very first opportunity to sail for France, and on our arrival there, to join our hands and destinies, as we had long since joined our hearts. Peters, rejoiced beyond measure at having escaped from a business which he had long held in hourly increasing abhorrence, was as desirous as we were for the hour of departure, and we all waited with extreme impatience the occurrence of an opportunity. Unfortunately there was no French vessel then at the Havannah, except a man-of-war, the Iris, which was compelled to remain on that station some time; otherwise I could easily have obtained a passage in her. On my arrival at the Havannah, I had made it my first business to wait on the French consul there. Conceiving it best to keep my adventures on board the Shark a profound secret, I merely exhibited to him the documents necessary to convince him of my respectability and identity, and that done, he strongly interested himself in my behalf—how unfortunately will presently be seen.

The capture of the Shark, and the subsequent outrages and robberies of the pirates on shore, had made, as might be expected, not a little noise at the Havannah; but neither Stamar nor any one of his followers had been taken; their escape being, as was well known, greatly facilitated by their friends on the Muttanee side. About a dozen of the slaves of the murdered planter had been convicted of aiding in the pillage of his mansion, and they were made the scape-goats of the whole, and duly hung. The Shark was brought into the port of the Havannah by the two ships whose boats had captured her, and, as a matter of course, declared a lawful prize, and put up for sale.

For about two months we lived pleasantly enough at Havannah, nor did we want for either necessaries or luxuries, thanks to the doubloons with which Peters had been prudent enough to provide himself—not, it must be confessed, in the most justifiable manner. I could easily see that Peters was pretty nearly as fond of Zelia, as I was of her charming mistress; but Zelia was prudent in her love, and insisted upon his giving proof of his sincerity by waiting their arrival in France, and there going through the ceremony of marriage.

We had lived thus in the capital of the lovely isle of Cuba for very nearly three months, when I was one day sent for by our Consul, and, on arriving at his residence, was received with an air of satisfaction which very much excited my curiosity.

"My dear M. Daumont," said he, "I have at last found an excellent opportunity for sending you home to France. I suppose you have heard of the Shark, an extremely fine brig which the English and Americans recently captured on the old canal?"

I could have given him not a little information about that same fine brig; but I confined myself to a simple and general affirmative.

"Well, my friend," resumed the worthy consul, "it has been purchased by a French agent here, and he wishes forthwith to dispatch it to Bordeaux, but finds himself in great difficulty for want of an officer to command her. Believing you fully capable of the task, I have recommended you to him. He has very gladly agreed to give you the command, and thus it depends merely on your own pleasure to get to France, not only free of expense, but with excellent appointments in the bargain. Well—you don't seem in any haste to reply."

In good truth the consul might have continued talking a considerable time longer without my dreaming of interrupting him. I collected myself, however, and endeavoring to look as joyful as possible, requested four-and-twenty hours to make up my mind. The consul seemed to be not a little astonished that I could hesitate even for a moment about embracing so excellent a chance, and I quitted him, and returned home burthened with a thousand conflicting thoughts, and related to my little household all that I had heard.

"For Heaven's sake," said Ermance, "do not accept the offer! I should die of horror on board that dreadful ship. O, wait a little—wait for years rather than accept the command of that vile Shark!"

As for Peters, my announcement seemed fairly to stupify him, and he remained plunged in a deep reverie while Ermance and I continued our conversation.

"All this is extremely well," resumed I, "but it is answered by a single word, and that word is necessity When shall we ever again meet with so good an opportunity? Peter's money must come to an end some time, and what are we then to do for subsistence?"

"Oh! we will work! But listen; I have an excellent idea. Let us go to Martinique by the first opportunity, and there we shall easily find a ship bound for France."

"Yes, Ermance, your idea would indeed be excellent, but for the rather important fact that we should be obliged to pay away our very last coin to be conveyed even as far as the Windward Islands. There, as you admit, you have no relatives, nothing but mere acquaintances, and ah! my Ermance, acquaintances are indeed a poor resource to those who are suffering under misfortune Your entire fortune has become the prey of the pirates; how, then, are we to get to France, if I neglect this chance? It is not every day that I shall be offered the command of a vessel."

Thus reasoning, and being at length seconded by Peters, I succeeded in persuading Ermance to accord with my views; and she was the more reconciled to the plan when, on going on board to see the accommodations which Peters and I prepared for her and her servant, she found the name of the brig changed to The Hope, and the paint, trim, and especially the interior arrangements and furniture of the cabins, so completely altered, that she was herself obliged to confess that she would not have known the brig again, had she not previously been told she was going on board it.

Having, with all possible expedition, completed the fitting out of my new command, I waited upon the commander of the French man-of-war, of which I have already made mention, and obtained his consent to convoy me as far as the mouth of the canal of Bahama. It wanted only a week to the day fixed for our departure, when two events occurred which caused me great and very painful anxiety. For some time Peters had seemed more and more anxious and perplexed, as from some secret burthening his mind: and one night he left our lodging and returned no more. I sat up for him the whole night, and his strange absence, coupled with the serious and pained aspect which he had recently worn, gave rise to some very grave and alarming reflections. Ermance was, from the same cause, pretty nearly as much disquieted as myself; and poor Zelia, who was sincerely and passionately attached to Peters, increased our vexation by her sobs.

I spent the whole of the following day in hastening from place to place; from our own consul I went to the native authorities—but there was no intelligence to be procured either of Peters living, or of any victim of any assassin having been discovered. All my researches were in vain, and my return home, thus unsuccessful, served but to increase the anxiety of Ermance and the agony of Zelia.

For my own part, though I concealed my feelings as far as I could, I must confess that the strange disappearance of Peters caused me an inexpressible anxiety. His money, and everything belonging to him, were left behind. Could he have premeditated an evasion? Was his disappearance connected with some mysterious and important event? I would willingly have abandoned the command of the Hope, in order to have gone in search of him; but in the first place I was engaged to the owners beyond my power to retrogade; and in the next place, bad as the police was at Havannah, my inquiries had been so far successful that I felt positive that Peters had not fallen the victim of assassination, and from this I reasonably enough inferred that his absence was voluntary, and that, in all probability, he had rejoined Stamar, who, with his followers, might easily be concealed in the neighborhood. This latter idea made my heart bound with apprehension, and I carefully concealed it from Ermance, to whom it would have been a source of the most terrible agonies.

The second occurrence that annoyed me, was of a nature even more threatening than the desertion of Peters. On the evening preceding the day fixed for my departure, I was sadly enough returning from a walk I had taken in the environs of the city, when a man suddenly appeared before me in the narrow path in which I was walking.

"Good day, *Captain* Daumont," said this person, in a tone of bitter raillery, "I have only time to say a very few words to you, my friend. *Mort Dieu!* you have done wisely to keep a still tongue since you have been at the Havannah! But for that same bit of prudence on your part, the Hope, *ci-devant* Shark, would have been obliged to put up with some less dignified and skilful commander! Upon my soul, you cut an extremely silly figure just now, eh, *Captain* Daumont? Well! I can stay no longer now—but *we shall meet again.*"

And Stamar disappeared. Yes—Stamar! My miseries, then, were even yet not quite at an end! His enormous moustachios had been cut off, his hair dyed, his broad and flapping sombrero concealed the greater part of his countenance; nevertheless, effectually as he was disguised, as to other eyes, *I* easily recognised Stamar. O yes! it was he indeed who spoke to me! For full five minutes after his disappearance, which was as sudden and rapid as his apparition, I stood motionless and speechless upon the same spot, scarcely able to persuade myself that I was not the victim of some horrible nightmare. Alas! all that had passed was only too real! His last words still rang like a knell of death in my ears—"We shall meet again!"

My first impulse was to hurry back to the city, give up my command of the Hope, and thus certainly break off all connexion with that ominous vessel, and, perhaps make her demoniacal commander undesirous of working me or my poor Ermance any further annoyance or injury. But, before I arrived at the city, my senses had become more calm, and new reflections occurred to me. Why should I thus abandon a chance so desirable? Was it not only too clear that if I did so, I, and still worse, Ermance and her poor servant, would fall beneath the dagger of the abominable Stamar or some of his desperate associates? Had Peters betrayed me? Alas! I could no longer doubt that his disappearance was the result both of premeditation and treachery.

Absorbed in these painful reflections, I walked, and must have looked, far more like a madman than a reasonable being, and arrived at my own door actually before I was conscious of being even near it. I lifted my eyes, and the first object that struck them was the Hope floating gracefully and bravely upon the waves. All on board her was in complete order for sailing, and she seemed instinct with life, and impatient for the arrival of the moment when she should at length burst the chain which kept her in idleness, and rush towards the heaving billows of the open sea. This sight completely reanimated me, and enabled me to resist my vexations and my melancholy presentiments, and entering the house, I warned Ermance and the servant to be ready for departure on the following morning—carefully abstaining from giving them even a hint of my ominous rencontre with Stamar.

On the following morning, at an early hour, I took them on board. At first, Ermance was overcome even to fainting. She soon, however, recovered her spirits, and leaving her to make her arrangements in the cabin, I went upon deck to give the necessary orders for sailing; and in a short time the French cruiser got under way, closely followed by the Hope and by the English merchantmen, which were also under convoy of the cruiser.

The English vessels were abominably bad sailers, and as the cruiser shortened sail every now and then, to give them time to come up with her, Heaven knows how sincerely and heartily I wished them in England, or elsewhere. Their slowness was the more annoying, because both the cruiser and the Hope were as fleet as a falcon, and we had an excellent breeze directly abaft us.

Whenever I could go below for a few minutes, I said everything that I could imagine to comfort and reassure Ermance; but though she tried hard to appear cheerful, I could plainly see that she thought it quite impossible that our re-embarkation in the Shark could fail to be productive of misfortune and suffering. Poor girl! her presentiments were only too completely justified by the event.

The night fell extremely dark, and I was compelled to lower topsails several times, in order to avoid losing sight of the cruiser's light; and towards two o'clock I was startled out of a deep and melancholy reverie by one of the watch singing out,

"Ship close a-head!"

I had but just time to put the helm a-weather; a single moment later and we should have been lost. Through the obscurity of the night I could just see a large dark mass, and I could distinctly feel the Hope recoil as her bowsprit tore away some of the stern-gear of the ship we had so nearly sunk and been sunk by. Though the collision was, fortunately, productive of but little damage to either party, a volley of goddams, &c., put it beyond doubt that the injured vessel was English, or manned by seamen very conversant, indeed, with English sea slang. The discharge of this vocal volley was followed by that of a gun, and the unknown vessel hailed us, and desired us to send a boat on board her. I replied that the weather was too bad and the sea too rough to allow of my risking a boat, short-handed as I already was; and I added that I was under the convoy of a French frigate, whose lights he might discern far a-head of us. To this last statement it would seem that the stranger did not incline to give "faith and full credence," for in less than ten minutes, at a cable's distance astern of us, was a well-manned boat, rising and falling amid the surging waves, and making us at an enormous rate. I threw the ship in stays on the instant, and the officer from the stranger, which proved to be an American cruiser, boarded us, and, at my request, went down to the cabin—his men being, in the meantime, by my orders, liberally furnished with refreshments. The American officer, who spoke French with tolerable purity and fluency, politely apologised for the course to which his duty had compelled him. Having examined my papers, he expressed himself satisfied of the truth of my previous statement, and, while assisting in the deglutition of a bowl of punch, informed me that the vessel to which he belonged had orders to examine strictly every ship which might be met with, it being known that a pirate was afloat in these latitudes. This information given, and the punch dispatched to the last spoonful, the officer politely took his leave, and returned to his own ship.

I could have wished that Ermance had not overheard the information I had received. O, there could be no doubt that the "pirate afloat in these latitudes" was Stamar! the terrible, the seemingly indomitable Stamar!

For more than an hour I used every argument, good, bad, or indifferent, that I could imagine, to give to my poor Ermance that hope and calm which I, on my part, heaven knows, was far enough from feeling. Having, at length, succeeded in somewhat allaying her excitation, I went upon deck and made the necessary arrangements for rejoining the French frigate, which by this time, owing to her rapid rate of sailing, and the time we had been detained by the American, was far to the windward of us. This done, I for the rest of the night paced the deck, plunged in reflections so gloomy and so painful, that it was with an actual feeling of delight that I saw the eastern horizon lighted up with the first faint glancing light that announced the break of day.

I knew that we were now so near the mouth of the canal, that before the close of day we should be deprived of the company and protection of the frigate, and, on sweeping the horizon, I perceived, with anything but pleasure, that in the course of the night a strange craft had intruded into the very midst of the convoy. The intruder was a kind of sloop; and I at once recognised her as one of those vessels called Bermudians,—vessels which generally have the reputation of being wonderfully fast sailers.

This vessel sailed quietly on in our wake, as though one of the convoy; and the frigate's look-out perceiving her, nearly at the same time, fired a shot, by way of calling upon her to show her colours. To this intimation the sloop replied by hoisting an immense English flag. The frigate's people apparently were not quite satisfied with this, for they fired a second shot, and made a signal to the sloop to go alongside them, where, in effect, she placed herself in a very few minutes, her manœuvring, while so doing, evidently showing that she was handled by thorough seamen.

The sloop remained alongside the frigate for some time, and it seemed that the commander of the former gave a satisfactory account of her, for she was allowed to fall off without even being boarded by an officer. This, I must confess, appeared to me to be an unpardonable piece of imprudence and neglect on the part of the commander of the frigate. Alas! he was not so well aware as I was of the facility with which Stamar could deceive even the most practised officers. Nearing one of my English consorts, I imparted my suspicions and fears to her captain, who agreed with me that the sloop was an extremely suspicious vessel, and that we ought immediately to make our suspicions known to the captain of the frigate. Even while we were speaking, however, we found ourselves beyond the mouth of the canal, the frigate signalled liberty of manœuvre, and immediately put about on its return to the Havannah. But O! what agony and unavailing sorrow should I not have been spared, if the captain had been more suspicious, or in less haste to return!

The instant that the frigate put about, my English consorts crowded all sail, with the evident desire of outsailing the suspected sloop, and I imitated their example.

The *ci-devant* Shark seemed desirous of proving herself worthy of her name. I had very soon the pleasure to see far behind me not only my three late consorts, but even the fast-sailing and suspected sloop, which obstinately sailed exactly in our wake, as though anxious to come up with us. We outsailed her, however, so completely, that in a short time we could barely make out her hull. Somewhat tranquillised at having thus far gained the advantage of my supposed enemy, I went below and endeavored to impart my new-born hopes to Ermance. Scarcely had I succeeded in calming her fears, when I was summoned to the deck to learn that there was treachery on board! Both standing and running rigging had been effectually yet so ingeniously injured, that it was only now, when the ship was all but literally flying through the waters under the united influence of a brisk breeze and crowded sails, that rope after rope snapped like burning flax, and sail after sail flapped heavily and uselessly against the masts! Yes, there *was* treachery on board; and so successful had been that treachery, that even during the few brief and agonising minutes which I used to reflect upon the best mode of acting under circumstances so threatening, the hull of the sloop rose higher and higher, and she was clearly outsailing us by several knots an hour. God forgive me the rage, the bitter animosity, I then felt—the awful, the deadly oaths in which my impotent rage found vent.

How was I to act? *That* was the all-important consideration! O! there was no doubt now as to the character of the sloop. No doubt now remained as to who commanded her, and with what purpose she so obstinately followed us. Stamar, the accursed Stamar, was her commander.

My confused reflections were interrupted by my mate, who, with terror strongly depicted on every feature, exclaimed, "Captain, captain! the master and crew have barricaded themselves forward. They are singing, fit to split one's ears. Listen!"

And, in fact, all forward burst into loud singing and laughter. The beasts had not only been treacherous, but were laughing at my credulity, making sport of the unspeakable bitterness of my soul.

"Wretches," I shouted, "come here and do your duty like men, or by Heaven I'll kill the first I can lay hold of, as I would a mad dog."

The dogs knew my circumstances far better than I myself knew them; their sole reply to my menace was a burst of laughter that might have been heard a mile off.

All threats and entreaties proving utterly unavailing, I and my mate went aloft to see if, by dint of splicing, we could so far repair the evils as to enable us to make way, however slowly; but a very few minutes' examination showed us that no hope of that kind remained to us, and I descended to the deck, just as Ermance, pale, trembling, and terrified almost out of her reason, came up from the cabin.

"Go down again, I pray you, Ermance, and leave me to provide for your safety. Be tranquil, and rely on me."

"No, no, I will not leave you, Eugene. Good God! is that lightning?"

Lightning! The infernal sloop, having now neared us sufficiently, had sent us a shot, which struck our mast about ten feet above my head. As though in obedience to this signal, two muskets were now fired at us by my mutinous and barricadoed crew; one ball passing through Ermance's straw hat, and the other killing my faithful mate upon the spot.

"Are you," I demanded of Ermance, in a voice half stifled between rage and despair, "are you prepared to fall once more into the power of the atrocious Stamar? Do you prefer life with him, or death with me?"

"Or life or death—let me live or die with you."

Drawing two pistols from my belt, I rested the muzzle of one upon her forehead, when a vigorous arm dashed me backwards with great violence; my pistol discharged itself innocuously in the air, and in another moment the sloop had boarded us, and I saw Stamar once more standing on board *The Shark*—his features wearing the old calm but fiend-like and truculent sneer.

"Well, Captain Daumont," said he, "have I not kept my word with you? Have we *not* met again, as I promised that we should? What think you of your notable convoy! Above all, how do you like your faithful and obedient crew? Poor, silly Daumont! to imagine for a moment that Stamar, whom you knew so well, would let you peaceably take the gallant Shark to Bordeaux."

His bitter derision, and the still more bitter tone in which he spoke, scarcely affected me. All my surprise, all my indignation and sorrow, were engrossed by a very different object. By the side of Stamar stood—Peters! It was then only too certain that his evasion had been both premeditated and treacherous. O yes! Peters, in whom I had placed so much confidence, had betrayed me to my direst and most implacable foe.

"However," continued Stamar, you may think yourself fortunate that, thanks to Peters, I shall not call you to account for the death of Lorenzo; nay, thanks also to Peters, and to some old reminiscences which appeal to me in your favor, I shall neither put you to death nor keep you in irons. O no; quite the contrary; I shall reinstate you in your former capacity in my crew."

What a favor! and how much enhanced by the sneering triumph and devilish hate of the tones in which he pronounced my doom! Having for a few moments ceased speaking, as if the more perfectly to enjoy the torture which my utmost efforts could not prevent from appearing in my countenance, he added, "Remember this, however, that I shall put you ashore on the first land we make, be it desert or not. I shall leave you there to colonise it; *en revanche*, I shall give you full liberty to call it by what name you please. Now, master, let him loose."

And I was set free from the strong grasp which two of my treacherous crew had hitherto kept upon me.

"And now," said Stamar, in a tone of actually jocund malignity, "I will go and see in what style *Captain* Daumont has furnished my cabin; *one* article at least I think I shall find there that belongs to me—*ma belle Ermance*, for instance."

He said this as he entered the cabin-door;—he was answered by a long, loud and piercing shriek, and in a few moments returned upon deck, and sent the doctor down to the unfortunate girl, whom the mere sight of her detested and villanous persecutor had thrown into strong and alarming convulsions—a circumstance which was so far fortunate, that it saved the poor girl from being at that time tortured by the presence and the insults of Stamar.

The hold of the Shark was now speedily cleared of the cargo, consisting chiefly of coffee, sugar, and tobacco, the whole of which was tossed contemptuously into the sea. The great and small arms were then taken out of the sloop and put on board the Shark, the injuries to the rigging of which were repaired with a celerity at which I should have been actually astounded, had I not on so many former occasions witnessed the almost incredible exertions to which Stamar's fierce nature could compel his followers.

While this was going forward, Peters snatched a few moments to explain to me that he was a traitor only in appearance. It seems he had accidentally encountered Stamar at the Havannah, and that savage having given him his choice either to follow him without having any communication with me, or make up his mind to be assassinated, Peters, who well knew Stamar's daring and resources, thought it best to go with him, in the hope that, eventually, we might together contrive some means of escaping. Wretched as I was, and almost utterly hopeless as our case seemed to be, I was nevertheless unspeakably delighted at finding that I had not been deceived by Peters.

Stamar having completed his preparations, we made all sail for the coast of Africa. Early one morning we descried a ship, and for the whole of the next twelve hours chased her in vain—Stamar foaming with rage, and swearing awfully at finding himself outsailed. At the close of the day, however, the breeze fell somewhat, we gained upon our chase hand over hand, and boarded her. She was an armed slave-ship; but wretches as her crew were by profession and in practice, I shudder as I remember the horrible tortures in which they died. Not a man of them was saved, but the brig having proved her excellence as a sailer, Stamar, contrary to his usual custom, resolved not to sink her. Thirty of our men were put on board her, under the command of Peters, who was to take her to the South coast of Cuba, and there disembark and sell her cargo of slaves, amounting to three hundred men.

On the following morning, just as we were about to part company with Peters and his new command, we saw a large armed frigate bearing down upon us. We hastily made all sail, but as the slaver did not on this occasion at all equal the rate of the Shark, Stamar resolved to abandon the former. The slaves were hurried on board of us, and Peters was furnished with Spanish colors and "excellent Spanish papers," Stamar leaving him only ten men, and desiring him to allow himself to be overhauled, and to state that we had boarded him, and robbed him of his entire cargo and part of his crew.

Poor Peters seemed to be but very little elated by the task entrusted to his address and courage; Stamar, however, paid no attention to his woe-begone looks, but crowded every sail to the east-north-east.

We speedily left the slaver far astern of us, and, as Stamar had judged, the frigate had hailed her. Much to his annoyance, however, she did not stay to send a boat on board, but continued her chase of us. Finding that she was fully our match upon a wind, Stamar gave orders to throw the slaves overboard. A shot being fastened round the neck of each as he came upon deck, some were thrown over by main force, whilst others, maddened and desperate, leaped wildly into the waves, their frantic laugh contrasting horribly with the groans of their more timid or more sane fellow sufferers, and with the abominable imprecations and ribaldry of their butchers. And then the horrible strife among the hundred sharks that swam around their detestable namesake, struggling for every new victim that was tossed to them, and literally tearing them limb from limb, ere even the heavy shot attached to them could sink them out of our sight.

Nearly one half of the unhappy slaves had been thus disposed of when the breeze increased to almost a gale, and the frigate was observed to furl topsail and mainsail. Stamar now knew himself safe; for he continued to carry on with every yard of canvass set, though the wind well-nigh blew the sails out of the boltropes, and a few minutes showed that we were rapidly leaving the frigate behind us. An order was now given therefore, to stop the murder of the slaves; and we very soon were completely out of sight of the frigate, which, moreover, was far to leeward of us.

On going below, I remarked, with equal surprise and pleasure, that the negroes who had been freed from their irons to facilitate the massacre which they had so very narrowly escaped, had, in the subsequent confusion, been allowed to remain unmanacled. An idea of safety and of vengeance then flashed across my mind, and I lost no time in endeavoring to put it into execution. Peters had assured me that, in the event of our making any attempt at throwing off the yoke of Stamar, we should find a zealous assistant in Brissac. I hastened on deck, therefore, and signed to the worthy Gascon to follow me to the hold. When we arrived there, I proposed to him that we should arm the slaves, and that he and I should lead them on against Stamar and the pirate crew. After some consideration he consented. The moments were very precious, for if Stamar or any of his followers should descend before we were ready, not only would our plan be defeated, but we ourselves would undoubtedly be put to death. Throwing open a chest of arms, I gave a boarding-axe to each of the slaves; and then, by signs, I explained to them how the pirates had murdered those of the negroes who had been taken on deck. The negroes rapidly comprehended me. Fire flashed from their fierce and blood-shot eyes, their dusky and ugly countenance became literally livid, and when I motioned to them to follow me and Brissac to combat against their oppressors, they rushed upon deck with an eagerness and zeal which of itself assured me of the success of my enterprise.

Stamar and nearly the whole of his crew were anxiously looking out to leeward to see whether the frigate had hove in sight again, when the Gascon and I, closely followed by the blacks, gained the deck, and rushed furiously upon them. At the first onset we took the brigands so much by surprise that they retreated before us, but speedily rallied and defended themselves. Stamar, who, to do him justice, was, as usual, in the hottest of the fight, shouted to me, "Ah, ah, friend Daumont! It is to you, then, that I owe this shrewd turn, is it? Well—see if you do not pay pretty dearly for it, if you chance to fall into my hands!"

"It is you, ruffian, who will fall into and die beneath my hand," was my reply; and Brissac and I, by voice and example, cheered on our Africans, whom we had already almost excited to madness.

The negroes needed very little incitement to their work; so furious and so obstinate were their attacks, that in a brief time the deck was covered with the corpses of the pirates. Stamar was so admirable a master of his weapon, that he was but trivially wounded, and though he at length found himself singly opposed to a perfect host of foes thirsting for his blood, he fought on with his usual cool and concentrated fury.

Suddenly the cabin-door opened, and Ermance, pale, with her hair dishevelled, and her whole appearance bespeaking the extremest terror and anxiety, endeavored to rush towards me. Ill-fated girl! Most luckless impulse that led her into such a scene at such a moment! Had she remained in the cabin for only a few minutes longer, our dire enemy would have been beyond the power to inflict mischief upon us. As it was, he bounded upon her with the fury and the agility of a wounded and maddened tiger, and dragged her by the hair of the head, exclaiming, "Ah, Daumont! you see I am somewhat more alert than you are. You see I can offer a good ransom! Ransom! delay only three minutes in drawing off your nigger fellows, and consigning them again to the hold, and this trembler shall be not my ransom, but my victim."

At this moment one of the negroes dashed forward and aimed a blow with his boarding-axe, which, had it but taken full effect, would have annihilated Stamar, and have saved my poor Ermance for long years of peace and happiness. Unfortunately, Stamar shifted his position so adroitly, and with so much agility, that the axe merely grazed his shoulder, and infuriated instead of crushing him.

"African dog!" shouted he, "your axe is not sure! My dagger is rather more so, you see!" And suiting the action to the word, he plunged it to the very hilt in the poor girl's heart, and she expired without word or groan. In another instant he was disarmed, liftod in the arms of a crowd of the negroes, and hurled into the sea, whence we could see him for a few seconds madly and vainly struggling to evade two enormous sharks, which speedily tore him to pieces.

From that fatal day day I have never known an hour's happiness. Peters, more fortunate than I, has been many years married to the faithful Zelia, and in the long winter's evenings delights his three curly headed and handsome boys with long yarns, not a little embellished, about the prowess and atrocities of STAMAR THE PIRATE.

London Metropolitan for July.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Letters from Petersburg, Norfolk and Belfield, inform us, that the Virginia stables have been taken up, and that most of the horses are looking finely. On the 19th Sept.—the four mile day—will come off the great Post Stake, at Norfolk, for which *Boston*, *The Queen*, and *Portsmouth*, will probably start. An offer of $8000 has been made for Mr. VAN MATER's *Hornblower*, by a party interested in this match, and another of $7000 cash, by a South Carolina turfman.

The two great Petersburg stables will be immensely strong this Fall. *Arthur Taylor* and *Willis* have in Col. JOHNSON's string, Boston, Fordham, Wonder, Rocker, and two or three more, including, it is said, Mr. ROGERS' Mary Blunt. *Old Charles* has, for Mr. HARE, Job, Willis, Champaigne, Andrewetta, and two or three good ones that did not show this Spring. In CARTER's stable is *Duane*, and a lot of young things of great promise.

Dr. GOODWYN, at Belfield, has up a string of twelve, with the Queen at its head. An offer from Petersburg of $8000 cash was refused for the Queen last week. The same price is demanded for her and for Hornblower, namely, $10,000. The Queen is going well and is perfect in form and action; she has more size than Hornblower, being half an inch only short of sixteen hands, under the standard.

Col. CROWELL, of Alabama, is about to take the field again with a strong corps of cavalry, and is understood to have engaged HAMMOND as trainer. H. is about to dispose of his stable, which will be advertised in a week or two in this paper.

Plenipo.—It would not surprise us if this splendid English stallion made his appearance in this country in the course of the ensuing Fall, though we presume under a stipulation that he should be returned to England within three or four years. His two colts in this country are considered by their respective owners as altogether superior to any they have seen. Mr. POLK, of Tennessee, has a superb colt out of *Jenny Mills*, and Col. HAMPTON, of S. C., one out of Delphine, the dam of Monarch and The Queen. A gentleman who has lately seen *Herald*, (the name of the latter colt), informs us that since he has shed off, he exhibits several black spots which will probably be permanent, one on his arm commencing just above his elbow and reaching almost to the knee, with some small ones on his quarter. The colored prints of his sire represent these latter marks on him, also, but not the mark on the arm. Herald has not shed entirely, so that it is impossible to say how many of these spots (which we hope will be like those on the sun) he may have. A gentleman from Tennessee informs us, that Col. H., has refused $4000 for Herald, and $8000 for him and his dam.

Shark—There is an *on dit* that this splendid stallion, belonging to the heirs of the late JOHN C. CRAIG, Esq., has been sold to Col. W. R. JOHNSON, of Va., for $12,000.

The Great Post Stakes at Petersburg, Va., of three subs., at $2000 each, P. P., four mile heats, will come off on the 27th Sept. Messrs. Charles Hatcher (for E. J. Wilson), O. P. Hare, and Col. W. R. Johnson, are the subscribers.

A match race for $200 aside, one mile, was to have come off yesterday over the Campbell's Station Course, East Tennessee, between *Sleepy Davie* and *Daniel O'Connell*.

SAMUEL MCCRACKEN, of Morrisville, Bucks Co., Pa., claims the name of *Kshanadger Bashaw*, for his yearling colt by Young Bashaw, dam by Col. Wilkinson's True American, grandam by Badger's Hickory. Mr. McC. need not apprehend much danger of any one's pirating the name of his colt.

Lexington Stock Fair.—The Committee of General Superintendance of the Kentucky Association, have appointed the first Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, in September next, as the days for the exhibition of Stock and the distribution of Premiums, on the grounds of the Association, near Lexington.

Boat Race for $1000 the Duane vs. the Willis.

On Thursday last our magnificent bay presented a most gay and lively scene. Immediately after the departure of the British Steam Ships might be seen converging to Castle Garden, from every point of the compass, an immense variety of water craft, from the largest steamer down to the smallest cock boat. The occasion was one of much interest, and crowds were assembled on the parapet of Castle Garden and the Battery to witness the contest between two of the rival four-oared boats that participated in the last Newburgh Regatta—the *Duane* and the *S. J. Willis*, of this city, belonging to Clubs, independent of the "N. Y. Boat Club Association."

The *Duane* was manned by Abraham Seaman, Cornelius Britton, J. Lewis, F. De Hart, and — Butters, coxswain;—the *Willis*, by Abraham and J. and A. Ludlow, J. Barger, and M. Burns, coxswain—all oarsmen of the very first order. Every possible precaution appeared to have been taken against accidents during the match, the bows of each boat being covered with canvass, and nothing left undone to ensure a successful result.

The start was from a stake boat moored off Washington Market at the foot of Vesey street—the distance is about six miles, the course being around Bedlow's Island and back to the starting point. The water was quite rough. At the signal they got off with an even start; both crews gave way with lusty sinews, but the Duane at once displayed the superiority of hers by taking a long lead, much to the disappointment of those whose opinions were based on the former success of the Willis crew, and their recent performance at the Newburgh Regatta in the "*Corsair*." The Duane crew maintained throughout, a strong, steady pull, coming in 200 yards ahead; time 45 minutes.

Among the Club boats of the Association which gathered around the starting point, we noticed a white one of beautiful model, manned by a crew whose performances not only exceed any of those detailed in *Rollins'* Ancient History, but of Modern times. Their peculiar stroke was recognized at once as that which had won never fading laurels for the Association, and though many of the spectators were aware that one was out of practice and two more on the sick list, THE WAVE CREW would have been backed to beat either party for more specie currency than would fill their beautiful craft. Their participation in the match seemed quite an impromptu affair, got up on the spur of the moment, and we were somewhat surprised to see them drop into line and start with the match boats. The Duane was accompanied by the anonymous craft to the Island, around it, and near home. The Duane came first around the Island, the stranger being 2d and well up, a long away ahead of the Willis. Having given the Willis the go-bye, the coxswain thought they might give the Duane a brush, and his order to "give away, lads!" soon brought them alongside. The best feeling existing between the two crews, they rowed side and side to near the finish, keeping up a lively conversation, when the stranger, after congratulating the Duane on her success, sheered off for Castle Garden, and left them alone in their glory.

We are asked daily when the Annual Regatta of the Association is to come off? There is so much spirit and enterprise in the Association that we have no doubt it will be a grand affair whenever it does take place, but it appears to us the preliminary steps for its successful and brilliant accomplishment should not be delayed. The Association is composed entirely of young gentlemen, and commands our cordial good wishes and any services in our power.

Challenge, Franklin vs. Sumner.

We are desired by "A friend to Franklin" in Illinois, to insert the annexed Challenge:—

To DULANEY F. COOPER: I have come to the conclusion to offer you the following challenges, to wit: I will run my horse Franklin against your horse Duke Sumner, four mile heats, over the Franklin and Boonville Course, Mo., agreeably to the rules and regulations of said course, for $2000 aside, $1500 forfeit, the race to come off on the 15th day of May next (1840).

I will also bet you the same amount, forfeit as above, that your horse Duke Sumner cannot beat Franklin's *time* over the St. Louis Course, the run to be made agreeably to the rules and regulations which governed that course when Franklin run his race.

It is at your option to accept either or both of the above propositions. An explicit answer is requested from you in the next Democrat.

Fayette, Illinois, June 19, 1839. T. W. PATTEN.

DUTCHMAN'S MATCH AGAINST TIME.

Unparalleled Trotting!

Last Thursday will long be remembered in this city as the occasion of more sight-seeing, enjoyment and real sport than any one day has afforded for many years. The departure at noon of the *British Queen* and *Great Western* steamers attracted to Castle Garden, the Battery, and, indeed, every eminence overlooking our beautiful bay, one of the largest assemblages ever known in this country. The progress of these stupendous steam ships as they moved down the bay was observed by not less, probably, than fifty thousand spectators. In the afternoon a Boat Race off Castle Garden drew an immense crowd, while the few who were not worn out by the heat and excitement of the day, crossed the ferry to Hoboken to witness Dutchman's Match against Time—the theme of our present discourse.

This Match, for $1000 aside, vs. Time, was made on the 11th July, on the evening of the day on which *Dutchman* beat *Awful*, three mile heats, in harness, in a match of $5000 vs. $2500. The backers of Time staked their money against Dutchman's trotting three miles in 7:49—(seven minutes forty-nine seconds). He was allowed to perform the match in harness or under the saddle—to make two trials if necessary, and to have two hours intermission between them; the match was appointed to come off on the 1st day of August, provided the weather and track were unexceptionable; weight according to the rules of the course, or 145 lbs.

Fortunately the track was in pretty good order, though dusty; the weather all day had been excessively warm, but as the match came off late in the afternoon, the air was cooler and more bracing. After being walked for some time up and down in front of the stand in his match cart, with his hood and sheet on, he was taken out of harness and groomed. At a quarter to seven o'clock D. was led to the Judges' stand, and HIRAM WOODRUFF, coming out of the weighing-room, threw his leg over the saddle. A fine thorough-bred grey mare was also mounted at the same time by Isaac Woodruff to keep him company, and at a steady racing pace. The Judge and the two official Timers now selected a third, who having taken his place in their stand, the horses were called up. Dutchman was the favorite at odds.

The Race.—At precisely 10 minutes to 7 o'clock the signal was given, and Dutchman went off with a long, clean stroke, that kept the mare up to three parts racing speed; Dutchman went to the quarter mile post in 40 seconds, and did the 1st half mile in 1:17½; the mare was not allowed to pass him, but was kept well up; in coming down the quarter-stretch Dutchman pulled to the mare, doing the 1st mile in 2:34½ At the stand Hiram told her rider to "*go along*," and as she locked him old Dutchman, like a trump as he is, made a tremendous burst, doing the 1st quarter of the 2d mile in 38 seconds, and the half mile in 1:15. Going down the backside Hiram bade Isaac "*let the mare out*," and so immense was Dutchman's rate for a few hundred yards, that it seemed as if the mare could not have passed had she tried. From the half mile post to the stand there was no faltering, and but little falling off in the pace, the mile being done in 2:28—the best time on record. Dutchman was kept at his work from the stand, and came to the quarter mile post on the 3d mile in 39 seconds, and to the half mile post in 1:16, which showed a falling off but of a second from the time of the previous 1st quarter and 1st half mile. Hiram feeling confident now that he had won the match, and all bets against time, came home at an easier pace, finishing the third and last mile in 2:30, having performed the last two miles in 4:58, and the heat in 7:32½—being sixteen and a half seconds inside of his time.

Dutchman, in this match, has made the best time on record, at one, two, and three miles. He was in superb condition, and never broke up from the start to the end; we need hardly add, he was jockied most admirably. He is now, emphatically, the CHAMPION OF THE TROTTING TURF, and as he is sold to Philadelphia, the New Yorkers must find *another* locomotive machine that will "take the shine out" of him! As an illustration of the accuracy of the Timers in this city, we will observe that the three gentlemen who officially timed the match varied but the fraction of a second, while opposite to them in the Jockey Club Stand, we stood at the side of a gentleman holding a chronometer, and noted the time of each quarter of a mile; on adding up the quarters, at the finish of the match, and comparing the aggregate with the time declared by the Judges, the variation was found to be *but half a second!* We add, for convenience of reference, a summary of this wonderful performance:—

THURSDAY, Aug. 1, 1839—Match, $1000 a side, Dutchman vs. Time—Three miles in 7:49, in harness or under the saddle; weight 145lbs.

Won by Messrs. ——'s b. g. *Dutchman*........ridden by Hiram Woodruff, as follows:—

First mile, 2:34½—Second, 2:28—Third, 2:30—Time of the three miles, 7:32½.

Previous to the match came off a trot for a Sweepstakes to which $50 was added. It was won cleverly by a handsome bay gelding known as *Red Robin*. A bay mare, which would make a good match for him, called *Empress*, was 2d the first two heats, and seemed to have as much foot as *Cato*, who won a heat, but she would not trot kindly. Record:—

SAME DAY—Purse $50, added to a Sweepstakes of six subs. at $—— each; weight, 145lbs. each; no distance. Two mile heats.

Spicer & Anderson's b. g. *Red Robin*	*Geo. Spicer*	3	1	1
Stacy Pitcher's br. g. *Cato*		1	4	2
I. Woodruff's br. g. *Tom Jones*		4	5	3
J. McMann's b. m. *Empress*		2	2	4
S. Piercy's ch. m. *Lady Catherine*		5	3	5
H. Woodruff's ch. h. *Chance*		6	dr	

Time, 5:44—5:47—5:47½.

Now that we are upon the subject of trotting, we would add one word of explanation of our leading article last week. Carefully read, we think it hardly capable of misleading; but it is a point upon which there should be no misapprehension, and we will therefore reiterate our remark, that no one may wilfully misrepresent. Now we do assert, as we did last week, that the term "trotting man" is in this community a term of reproach. We do not say that there are not GENTLEMEN among the trotting men; all know that there are, and were it otherwise, we certainly would not consort with them. But we reiterate that the frauds which have been perpetrated by *a few* upon the trotting turf, have brought the amusement into disrepute. Every one knows this, and we are often and often solicited by gentlemen to suppress *their* names when we record the performance of their trotting horses. This should not be so; it is manifestly wrong, for among trotting men, the vast majority are really prompt, honorable, fair-dealing men. It is one of those cases where a "little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," in *public estimation*. The remedy is obvious;—whenever any roguery is suspected, let it be thoroughly investigated, and upon conviction, let the offender be rigorously ruled off all our tracks, and "sent to Coventry" for life. To repeat the words we used last week in speaking of the Trotting Turf—"It never will become respectable till half a dozen or more of the 'Fergusons,' and such scamps, are ruled off, and it is incumbent on the great majority of trotting men to clear the course of such characters." We are not to be driven to go further into particulars; the "*crosses*" and the cases of fraud are almost always notorious, and the remedy is easy. No man—certainly no editor—has done more to promote the amusement of Trotting than we have, and as we wish to see it as respectable as it may be, and should be, we have no idea of mincing the matter to please anybody, or to retain a few subscribers. The remark which gave offence applied, as does this explanation, as well to the Philadelphia as to the New York Trotting Turf.

ARGYLE AND HIS GET.

HAMBURGH (S. C.), July 26, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—Being a subscriber and a constant reader of your valuable "Spirit," I take the liberty of calling your attention to the Memoir of *John Bascombe*, Vol. IX., page 212, in which his race with *Argyle* at Augusta, Ga., is mentioned. You state that he (Argyle) "must have been dead amiss in his match with Bascombe." I happened to see this race myself, and perfectly agree with you that he must have been greatly out of order; and his subsequent races I think will prove not only to his "South Carolina friends," but to the whole world, that he is a horse of uncommon speed and bottom.

The object of this communication is not to eulogise Argyle, or to detract in any manner from the high reputation of Bascombe, but to point out to you the manifest injustice which I conceive you, as a public journalist, have meted out to one of the breeders from Argyle in this State. I allude to the owner of *Gov. Butler*.

In the memoir of Bascombe, speaking of Argyle, you say—

"His services in the breeding stud have already won him an enviable reputation, and the performance of Col. HAMPTON's *Kate Seyton* has effectually paved his way to a high place on the list of native stallions."

Now, Sir, if this complimentary notice of Kate Seyton was at all necessary to the biography of Bascombe, why, in the name of common justice, did you not mention the performance of Mr. SMITH's *Gov. Butler*, who was also by Argyle, and (I believe) the first winner of his get? Having won a colt stake at Newberry, S. C., at 2 yrs. old, distancing Col. J. D. Williams' gr. c. by Imp. Hedgeford the 1st heat in 1:59, under a hard pull, track new and heavy. His next race was at the Lafayette Course, Augusta, Ga., still at 2 yrs. old; and although beaten by one of the finest fillies in the world, he was close up in both heats, and the time 1:51—1:50, carrying 75 lbs., instead of 70, as reported. While the best race reported of Kate Seyton was 1:52—1:52. And so far as I am acquainted with the Racing Calendar, I do not recollect ever to have seen a report of any race by 2 yr. olds in the same time, and carrying the same weights. You merely say, "This is described as being a capital race." Did ever you record a better?

Gov. Butler is now in the hands of M. L. Hammond, at Augusta, preparing for the Fall campaign, and will make his next appearance at Camden, S. C., on the 4th Nov. next, in a colt stake, in which there are ten or a dozen entries, and if I am correctly informed, Kate Seyton is among the number, and should they come together at that place, you need not bet "kegs to chaws of tobacco," but I'll bet you a pound of the *real stuff* even, and a year's subscription to the "Spirit," that the Governor beats Kate. G. OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

REMARKS.

Our correspondent sets out with an expression of his approbation of an observation we made in John Bascombe's Memoir, relative to Argyle's condition when they ran their match at Augusta. He says, "*I* happened to see *this* race MYSELF, and *perfectly agree with you*." We are not quite sure that we should have cared much whether "G." "perfectly agreed" with us or not. In writing a Memoir we undertake to give *facts*, which having accomplished, we are ready to say to cavillers, with Petruchio—

> "Be mad, or merry, or go hang yourselves."

"G." then goes on to question the propriety of our introducing a notice of *the best* of Argyle's get into the Memoir, when the Memoir itself professes to contain "*Incidental Notices of all his* (Bascombe's) *Contemporaries*." Had we noticed Mr. Smith's colt instead of *Kate Seyton*, we apprehend "G." would not have blotted paper on the subject.

"G." then asks, "why in the name of common justice we did not mention the performance of Mr. Smith's *Gov. Butler?*" We might answer because he had never made a performance worth mentioning. He never has won but a single heat, and that in 1:59, though he distanced his competitor; that is not claimed to be his *great* performance—the only remarkable race he has made was when he was beaten by *Mary Elizabeth*, over one of the fastest tracks in the Union, in 1:51—1:50—a track over which, on the following day, *Gano* won a 2d two mile heat in 3:47, and a 3d in 3:49. Gov. Butler, "G." says, carried 75 lbs. instead of 70 lbs., as reported by the Secretary of the Jockey Club. We will allow, in this matter, that he is right, and the Secretary wrong, but "G." must not think to throw dust in people's eyes by claiming Gov. Butler as a *two* year old. The race came off on the 4th of March, so that he lacked but *two months only* of being *three* years old, even by Southern rules, while at the North he would have been three years old two months previous. In two months from the day of his race he would have been obliged at Augusta to take up *fifteen pounds* more weight! Kate Seyton, two months later, carrying *twelve* pounds more than Gov. Butler did, though of the same age, *won* her race in 1:52—1:52; she won in hand, too, and though she might not have "beaten one of the finest fillies in the world," she beat Gov. Sprigg's Autocrat filly, out of Atalanta's dam, that is *thought* to be, and a Priam colt, which sold after the race for $3000. It is a pity that "G." could not say "I happened to see *this* race (also) myself." Kate was again a winner at Camden the following week. If "G." is not yet aware of the difference between *winning* heavy stakes and *running a good second*, he is past praying for.

Had any performance of Mr. Smith's colt struck us as in the least degree remarkable, his name would have been impressed on our mind and associated with that of a chivalrous and high spirited Carolinian, and when writing our article we should have probably mentioned it. The colt may be a race horse of the first order, but he has yet to prove it by his performance, and until he does, we have no idea of saying anything of the kind. He has, it appears, fallen into Hammond's hands, and we trust will render a good account of himself. We hope so on "G.'s" account, though we think the tone of his letter is very unlike what "common justice" and courtesy, or the gentlemanly owner of the colt, would have dictated. We don't care to "make a book" with "G.," but 'should Kate and the Governor come together," he shall be welcome to "a year's subscription to the 'Spirit'" if the mare does not prove the better horse.

HUNTING PARK TROTTING COURSE.

The following is the result of the Trotting over this course last week, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the proprietor:—

TUESDAY, July 23, 1839—Purse $200, free for all trotting horses, Two mile heats under the saddle.

J. M. Hamill's (Mr. G. Cadwalader's) bl. g. *Edwin Forrest*........ walked over

SAME DAY—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses that never won over that amount, Mile heats under the saddle.

J. M. Hamill's (Mr. M'Ilvaine's) b. g. *Apology*........ walked over

WEDNESDAY, July 24—Purse $200, free for all trotting horses, not excepting the winning horse of the previous day. Two mile heats in harness.

Mr. Jno. Brown's ch. m. *Lady Victory*	*J. M. Hamill*	1	2	2	1
Mr. D. Bryan's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk*	*D. Bryan*	3	3	1	2
Mr. T. Duffy's gr. g. *Lafayette*	*T. Duffy*	2	1	3	3

Time, 5:28—5:31—5:32—5:42.

Very closely contested throughout.

SAME DAY—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle.

J. M. Hamill's (Mr. G. Cadwalader's) bl. g. *Edwin Forrest*........ walked over

THURSDAY, July 25—Match for $200 aside, Two mile heats in harness.

Mr. D. Bryan's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk*	*D. Bryan*	1	2	1
Mr. Jno. Brown's ch. m. *Lady Victory*	*J. M. Hamill*	2	1	2

Time, 5:38—5:35—5:40.

FRIDAY, July 26—Match for $200 aside, Lafayette with two in a buggy, against Lady Suffolk in a sulky. Mile heats.

T. Duffy's gr. g. *Lafayette*	*T. Duffy*	1	1
D. Bryan's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk*	*D. Bryan*	2	2

Time, 2:52—2:50.

The odds were 2 to 1 on Lady Suffolk, but she broke on the first turn, and it was evident that the severe work of the preceding days had taken the foot from her, and she was beaten with ease.

Weight of the Buggy	112lbs.
" " Duffy, driver	150lbs.
" " L. F. B. with him	111lbs.
Total	373lbs.

J. BROWN, *Proprietor*.

The *Quebec Regatta* is to take place on Thursday, the 5th Sept. Col. Shaw, Hon. G. Pemberton, W. Stevenson, Esq., Capt. Rayside, G. W. Usborne, H. E. Scott, and R. Wainwright, Esquires, have been appointed Stewards.

VISIT TO MR. LIVINGSTON'S STUD.

New York, July 30, 1839.

I spent a day most delightfully, my dear P., (as you well know) on Staten Island last week. How could it have been otherwise, when I mention the fact, that I was the guest of that true specimen of a gentleman of the olden time, Walter Livingston, Esq. His place is pleasantly situated, with a commanding view of the bay, and all the rich crafts that are borne on its bosom. To me, the most splendid sight were the *thorough-breds*, grazing on a beautiful lawn in front of the house. Three finer brood mares I have seldom seen.

First, was *Alice Grey*, the pet of her owner;—she was too fast for the fastest, when on the turf, and even now, is as free from blemish as when she figured on the race-field—she has a beautiful Tonson filly, 2 years old, small, but finely proportioned, and as her owner allowed me the honor of christening her, I will call her after my State, *Arkansas*. Alice has a promising yearling by Imp. Trustee, but he unfortunately is ruined;—she failed last season, and is now stinted to Trustee. *Jemima*, dam of the game *Job*, has a 2 year old filly, by Imp. Barefoot, of fine size and finish—also, a yearling and suckling by Trustee—both fine, particularly the suckling. *Miss Walton*, the dam of the famed *Goliah*, has a 2 year old, by Henry, the last of his get, and the very picture of him. This is a magnificent animal, and is destined to cut a tall figure on the turf. She has also a suckling by Trustee, that is very finely put up, in the style of *Boston*, with many of his flesh marks. He bears the cognomen of *Moustache*, while his elder brother's name is indicative of anything but speed, having been christened *Terrapin*.

I do not believe these colts are entered in any sweepstakes here, from the very fact that none have been opened. This to me is strange. Why do not these courses here flourish? Are not the Northern people fond of racing? And why is it that in the immediate vicinity of the great city of the Union there cannot be good fields? The fault is somewhere. The Club cannot be properly organized, or else there is something *sub rosa* which frightens off high-toned turfmen. For my own part, I think there is a difference, to a great extent, between Southern and Northern turfmen. The former care but little who contends with them: they are like the "*Ring-tail Panter*," when he d——d the Governor as being no better than any other man in a fight. The latter draw a strong line between themselves and a certain class of individuals, who, with all the outward appearance of gentlemen, are nevertheless known as "*legs*." They are unwilling to recognise such men as their equals *even on the Turf*, and consequently they are withdrawing in disgust. Southern men go in for fun. They do not believe in the old adage, that if you wrestle with a beggar you will catch fleas.

The Northern Turf must not go down. Where are Messrs. Gibbons, Stockton, Stevens, Livingston, Tillotson, Thomson, Coster, Hall, Wilkes, and a host of other distinguished turfmen? Let them put their heads together and devise some plan. In haste, yours, N.

TROTTING AT CINCINNATI.

We have been disappointed in not receiving from Mr. Gates a full report of the trotting meeting of the Association on the Buckeye Course. Our friend Bradbury, of the "Republican," has furnished a report of the first two days, which we see is copied into some of our exchange papers, and palmed off as original:—

Wednesday being the first of the season, and the first meeting of the Association, much sport was not anticipated. The course was quite well attended. There was not a great deal of spirit manifested in the pacing match, which came off first, the purse being for green (or untried) pacing horses; the knowing ones couldn't tell which way the wind would blow, and consequently betting ran rather low.

WEDNESDAY, July 17, 1839—Purse $50, Mile heats.

A. Conklin's ch. h. *Somerset*	2	1	1
David Godman's b. h. *Davy Crockett*	1	2	2
R. Crane's bl. h. *Tom Rutherford*	3	3	3
J. Williamson's *Geo. Washington*	dist.		

Time, 2:37—2:38—2:41.

A second race came off at four o'clock, P. M., between trotting horses, two mile heats, under the saddle. This trial excited more interest, and from the known reputation of the horses to compete for the purse, no little sport was thought to be at hand. No one was at all disappointed, for the nags showed themselves to be true game, and the heats were "done up" in good time.

SAME DAY—Purse $150, Mile heats.

J. Berry's b. h. *Confidence*	1	1
A. Concklin's gr. h. *Rolla*	2	2

Time, 5:11—5:18.

The first heat was sharply contested, Rolla leading from the start, Confidence close at his heels for the first mile, which was done with but little variation in their respective positions in 2:35. In the 2d mile Rolla kept his position until on the last quarter stretch, when Confidence seemed to think that he had better let out a link in order to be "at home" in proper time, which he did, but not without putting in some pretty tall strides, passing his spirited competitor within a hundred yards of the stand, finishing the 2d mile in 2:36, and winning the heat in the extraordinary time of 5:11.

Second heat.—The start for this heat was not a good one. Rolla broke up from the word "go," which Confidence taking advantage of, put in for the lead, and went down to his work in good earnest, keeping his place throughout the heat without much trouble, winning in remarkable good time—5:36. The first mile was done in 2:40, and the second in 2:38.

Second Day.—There was quite a goodly number on the ground to-day. The track was in first rate order, and considerable spirit was manifested, as it was expected there would be no little strife among the nags for the purse.

THURSDAY, July 18—Purse $75, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle.

Wm. Martin's b. m. *Spitfire*	1	1	1
A. Conklin's b. h. *Pompeii*	2	2	2

Time, 2:42—2:48—2:44.

SAME DAY—Purse $100, Two mile heats in harness.

H. Gates' ch. m. *Mary Eliza*	1
Wm. Martin's b. h. *Stranger*	dist.
R. Crane's br. h. *Buckeye*	dist.

Time, 5:42.

Mary Eliza was the favorite, though there was some betting upon Stranger. The mare led off under a hard pull, and seemed to do her work easy. The other horses broke up almost too many times to keep within hailing distance of the lady ahead. The first mile was done in 2:50, and the second in 2:52, the mare distancing her competitors, winning the heat and purse in 5:42.

The races so far have been very well attended, and much credit is due to Mr. Gates for the good order preserved. We saw a number of ladies there yesterday, and from their smiling countenances, should think they were much interested in the sport.

The second race will come off at four o'clock, for a purse of $100, mile heats, best three in five. Seven entries, among which are some first rate nags. On account of the lateness of the hour when yesterday's race came off, we had not time to report it.

LA PRAIRIE (L. C.) RACES.

The "Montreal Gazette" furnishes the annexed report of the races on the 1st day, from which it will be seen that the two principal stakes were won by American bred horses:—

Yesterday being a fair and beautiful day, though somewhat warm, the La Prairie races were well attended, and came off with great spirit. Nothing could be more praiseworthy than the arrangements made by the Stewards for the accommodation and gratification of the visitors of the course, and which excited the gratitude of all present. A party of the Montreal Police was in attendance, and assisted a party of the 7th Hussars in keeping the course clear. The band of the 66th Regiment was also on the ground, and played during the intervals between the heats and the different races.

WEDNESDAY, July 24, 1839—The *La Prairie Maiden Plate* of £20, added to a Sweepstakes of £2 10s each, P.P., open to all horses that never won match, plate, or sweepstakes, before the day of entry. Heats, one mile and a distance. Weights—2 yr. olds, a feather; three, 7st 3lb; four, 8st 4lb; five, 8st 13lb; six, 9st 4lb; and aged, 9st 7lb.

Capt. Michel's ch. h. *Blue Bonnet*, aged	1	1
Mr. Bernard's br. m. *Polly Jones*, aged	2	2
Capt. Shirley's bl. g. *The Nigger*, aged	3	dist.
Mr. Chamberlain's ch. g. *Sweet Briar*, 5 yrs	4	dist.

Both before and after this race Blue Bonnet was the favorite, but the running did not afford much sport.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—A Plate of £25, given by the Officers of the King's Dragoon Guards, free to all horses. Heats, one mile and a distance. King's Plate weights—4 yr. olds, 10st 7lb; five, 11st 7lb; six, 11st 12lb; aged, 12st. Gentlemen riders. Three horses to start, or no race. The winner to be sold for £50, if demanded in the usual manner. $10 entrance.

Mr. Richard's gr. h. *Hambletonian*, by Eclipse, aged	1	1
Mr. Dickenson's br. m. *Silk Stockings*, aged	2	2
Capt. Shirley's ch. m. *The Maid of Honor* (late Simcoe Lass), 5 yrs	3	dr

The first heat of this race was beautifully contested by Silk Stockings and Hambletonian, and was won by half a length—The Maid of Honor being the favorite. The second heat was won by Hambletonian, by about a neck, and was as good a race as was ever witnessed. One hundred dollars to seventy was bet on Silk Stockings, for the second heat, but the weight was against her. The winner was claimed.

Mr. Berard, of Toronto, rode Hambletonian; Silk Stockings was rode by the owner, Mr. Dickenson, of the 15th Regiment; and The Maid of Honor by Major Biggs, of the 7th Hussars.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—The *District Plate* of £40, given by the officers of the Montreal District, added to a Sweepstakes of £4 each, free for all horses. Heats, two miles and a distance. Montreal Turf Club weights.

Capt. Shirley's gr. m. *The Queen*, by Imp. Autocrat, 5 yrs	1	1
Mr. Crawford's ch. h. *Tom Kimble*, by Henry, aged	2	2
Mr. Richard's br. h. *Jack Downing*, aged	3	3

This was a capital race, and excited much interest, in consequence of Tom Kimble having distanced The Queen on the Toronto Course; heavy odds were offered against her. But if she did not agreeably surprise her friends and lieges, she, at least, sadly disappointed her enemies. Much money was lost by her success. The soldiers present were so overjoyed at the event, that they cheered vociferously, and carried the rider off the ground, shoulder high.

The sports of the day were finished by a race for a saddle and bridle, and we are happy to learn that no unpleasant incident took place during the day.

In introducing his report of the first days's races, the editor of the "Morning Courier" remarks to the following effect:—

"The day was warm, the sky serene and blue, and summer laughed out jocundly, as if to welcome the votaries of pleasure, and to encourage the devotees of the Turf.—Crowds thronged the deck of the *Victoria*; there was but little room to spare, and the 'fat boy' of Boz, or the 'fat gentleman' of Irving, would have been entirely *de trop* and disagreeable to the promiscuous assemblage,—and promiscuous, indeed, it was, party-colored as Harlequin's jacket, motley as the jester's;—there was the staid matron and the simpering miss—the high and the low, the rich and the poor—the loyal, and disloyal, that is, French and English—the beardless youth and the Hussar, whiskered like a pard—the young and the old, simple and wise, burly and delicate, in fact, representatives from all the estates in the realm—a popular assemblage it was, and all, for a brief hour, were democrats, for all were equal;—equality reigned supreme—they talked together, sat together, were jammed together, were hot together, and found it exceedingly pleasant altogether.—Fiz went the steam, and away went the *Princess*, with her light-hearted freight, for the goal of anticipated pleasure, La-Prairie. Arrived, the crowd debarked, and hastened to the course, with eager eye, and on jockey joys intent. On the vast common, the multitude, though great, made but an indifferent show; were we to estimate the numbers present, we should expect to see the estimate contested, as was that of the numbers on the Place d'Armes at the celebrated Doric meeting in October, 1837, therefore, we say nothing about it. The scene was gay; not so brilliant as Ascot Heath was the La-Prairie Common, yet it was no common affair. The races were got up exclusively by the military, and by the *élite* of the military, therefore all was done *secundem artem*. The hussars added brilliancy to the scene, by their dashing uniform; and the band of the 66th delighted the assemblage, by discoursing eloquent music. Ladies were there in abundance, and where they are, what is not ornamented; their youth and beauty captivate, and in turn, are led captive; this is a truly constitutional principle, and it diffuses joy and light-heartedness around, and among all—so, there was joy at the La-Prairie races."

The race won by Capt. Shirley's Autocrat mare, *The Queen*, from Long Island, beating *Tom Kimble* (also from the Island, bred by Nelson Lloyd, Esq.) and *Jack Downing* is described as having been one of great interest. The "Courier" remarks:—

"This was a very exciting race, and a good deal of feeling in favor of *The Queen* and her owner, was manifested by the multitude, whose cheers rent the air at its termination. The soldiers particularly could not restrain their delight; they gave vent to it by frequent huzzas, throwing their caps in the air, and finally the rider was borne off on the shoulders of grenadiers, surrounded by a body guard of the brave fellows."

The Montreal "Daily Herald" furnishes the annexed report of the *Second Day's* racing:—

"The La-Prairie Race Course was not so well attended yesterday as it was on Monday, owing to the unfavorable state of the weather in the morning, which it was supposed by many, would cause the postponement of the races.—At about nine o'clock there was a heavy drizzling rain in town which continued for about two hours, after which it cleared up; but at La-Prairie, between the second and third races, the rain fell in torrents, thereby making the course very heavy.

THURSDAY, July 25—The *Victoria Purse* of £25, added to a Sweepstakes of £2 10s. each, for Horses bred in Upper or Lower Canada. Heats, one mile and a distance. Weights as for Laprairie Maiden Plate. The winner of the Laprairie or District Plate to carry 10lb extra.

Mr. Richard's gr. h. *Hambletonian*, by Eclipse, aged	1	1
Capt. Shirley's ch. m. *The Maid of Honor* (late Simcoe Lass), 5 yrs	3	2
Mr. Dickinson's br. m. *Silk Stockings*, aged	2	3
Mr. Biscoe's br. g. *Duroc*, aged	4	4
Mr. Sharpe's br. m. *The Witch*, aged	5	dist.

In this race Hambletonian proved that he possessed good bottom as well as speed, and kept ahead of his competitors almost the whole way in both heats.

SAME DAY—*Second race*—The *Garrison Plate* of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each, for horses bona fide the property of Officers in Her Majesty's Army or Navy, for one month previous to the day of entry. Two miles and a distance. Weights—3 yr. olds, 10st 7lb; four, 11st 4lb; five, 11st 10lb; six and aged, 12st. To be ridden by Officers of Her Majesty's Army or Navy. A winner of Match, Plate, or Sweepstakes, at any one time of the value of £50 or upwards to carry 7lb extra; a winner of any smaller stake to carry 4lb extra.

Capt. Lindsay's ch. g. *Partner*, by Partisan, 6 yrs	1
Capt. Shirley's ch. h. *Midas*, by Eclipse, aged	2
Capt. Michel's ch. h. *Blue Bonnet*, 6 yrs	3
Lieut. Col. Whyte's b. g. *Cheroot*, aged	dist.

This was a very excellent race between Partner and Midas, and very well contested. Cheroot bolted off to the stables, and Blue Bonnet did not maintain the character he acquired on the previous day. Indeed the heavy state of the ground completely nonplussed the backers of favorite horses, as their calculations had been based on the comparative speed and bottom on a good dry course, such as it was on Wednesday.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—The *Ladies' Purse* of £30, open to all horses. Heats, one mile and a distance. Turf Club Weights. The winner of the District or Garrison Plate to carry 7lb extra. Entrance £3.

Mr. Richards' b. g. *Little York* (late Huron), aged	1	1
Mr. Crawford's ch. h. *Tom Kimble*, by Henry, aged	2	2
Capt. Shirley's gr. m. *The Queen*, by Imp. Autocrat, 5 yrs	dr	

As we mentioned before, there was a very heavy fall of rain before this race came off, which induced the owner of The Queen to withdraw her, as he did not consider that she had the required bottom to go over the ground with any chance of success. Considerable anxiety was manifested to witness her second competition with Tom Kimble, who is a very strong animal, but we think her owner acted with perfect propriety and prudence in not allowing her to run, in the state the course was at the time. Owing to the arrangement of the Steam Boat company, that the Princess was to leave Laprairie precisely at five o'clock, only the first heat of this race had been run when the Montrealers had to leave the course, and it was gained by Little York. Bets were even on the result.

The attraction, to-morrow, will be greater than on any previous day, as the Indians are to exhibit their games, and go through a variety of feats of running, shooting arrows, &c. &c.

Since the above was in type, we have learned by a later arrival last night, that Little York gained the second heat in the Ladies' Purse race in clever style.

We are sorry to learn that the *Maid of Honor* died in about a quarter of an hour after she arrived at her stable, in consequence of her exertions at the race for the Victoria Purse.

The report of the *Third Day's* racing we also annex from the "Daily Herald":—

The steamer Princess Victoria left the wharf Friday forenoon at eleven o'clock with a full freight of passengers to witness the third day's Laprairie races. The ground was in good order, and the excellent band of the 7th Hussars was in attendance, contributing very much to the amusements of the day. The first race on the list was the Hurdle race; but owing to the solidity of the hurdles, though only about four feet high, riders were afraid to enter for it, having the fear of broken necks before them. Colonel Whyte of the Hussars would have entered, had there been any other competitor, but as there was none, the hurdles were removed for the next race; as we said once before, the Montreal Hunting Club appears to be alone able to get up a hurdle race here.

A Hack race, gentlemen riders, half mile heats, was then contested for by five gentlemen, when the rider of *Shillelah* gained both heats. *Duroc* was distanced at the first heat, and his rider complained that the start was false, but the charge was withdrawn or overruled.

After this race, eight dusky sons of the forest appeared, with little more clothing than our great progenitors, Adam and Eve, were apparelled in when driven from the garden of Eden—to compete in a foot race round the course, which is a mile and about sixty yards distance. Their faces and legs were, more or less, painted, and their general appearance excited considerable interest. On the word being given, they started at a rattling pace, and came in to the goal very near each other. The successful competitor ran the distance in five minutes fifteen seconds, and afterwards, running against time, he performed it in five minutes two seconds, with apparent ease.

The last race was for the Beaten Plate, for which only two horses were entered.

At the first heat, the Maid of Honor had the start, and kept ahead for about three fourths of the course, when Jack Downing darted past her, and came in first by about three lengths. The second heat was won easy by Jack.

We mentioned in our last that Capt. Shirley's mare, *Maid of Honor*, had died on Thursday; but it turns out that the rumor was circulated in consequence of intelligence having just arrived by the Great Western that Lady Flora Hastings, one of the Maids of Honor to the Queen, was dead.

The Laprairie races have now terminated for this year; we hope that we may have no worse sport on that course for many years, and we will be satisfied. Great credit is due to the Stewards for the exertions they have made in getting up the races at all, and for having got them up so well. No accident or disturbance occurred during any of the three days.

After the first heat had been run for the District Plate of forty pounds, on the first day of the races, Mr. Crawford, the owner of *Tom Kimble*, protested against Captain Shirley's *Queen* being considered the winner, as Captain S. had led the Queen up to the weighing house, it being contrary to the laws of racing that any rider shall dismount or owner lead a horse after a heat and before weighing. The matter is to be referred, we believe, to the Stewards of the Montreal Turf Club.

The Toronto Patriot of the 23d instant mentions that the City Plate of fifty sovereigns has been awarded to *Red Fox*, the second horse in the race, because the owner of *Tom Kimble* which was first, failed in coming forward to prove that his horse is a six year old, as entered. He was protested against, on the ground, before starting. By this decision, Captain Shirley's *Queen* takes the second stake in the race for the City Plate, she coming in third.

Note. A gentleman from Canada lately called at this office to obtain information relative to the age of *Tom Kimble*. He was referred by us to his breeder, J. Nelson Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, L. I., and we have understood that Mr. Lloyd has furnished the required certificate. Tom Kimble was trained for a 3 yr. old sweepstakes on the Union Course, by Mr. Laird, we believe, but was not started.

THE ALABAMA AND TRIAL STAKES.

July 19, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—I have read with surprise the communication of "D.," dated Hillsborough, June 1, 1839, in which he regrets that "novel conditions" were annexed to the stakes sent in from Alabama, intended as accompaniments "and other entertainments" to the Great Peyton Stake, "such as four gentlemen refused to sign" them. He then undertakes to supercede them with two other stakes, without pointing out the objectionable feature in the conditions, or explaining wherein his own proposals were preferable. But as all except one of the conditions of the Trial and Alabama Stakes are familiar to racing men, the usual terms having only been slightly varied, to render them more acceptable to distant subscribers, (in which light the projectors themselves stand), I must conclude he objects to the stipulation to protect subscribers from having to contend against irresponsible entries.

It is a fact not to be disguised, that many of the forfeits to sweepstakes in Tennessee cannot be collected, or only with great difficulty. And if I am to judge from recent publications in the "Spirit of the Times," it is the same elsewhere. This uncertainty as to receiving forfeits has a most prejudicial influence on racing. I know of two gentlemen, not subscribing to the Peyton Stake, because they could not be assured beforehand that they were not risking their money against men of straw. Fortunately, the entries to that stake are good, as far as my acquaintance extends; but there are very few large sweepstakes in the West in which I could not designate one or more entries that are positively worthless, and every stable-boy knows that it is not fair to bet something against nothing. Stakes are entered into now-a-days for amounts that render the idea perfectly ridiculous that they are merely for sport, and that calculations of interest should be disregarded.—"'Tis money makes the mare go."

For many obvious reasons, the English remedy for this evil will be insufficient here, though we have not even the protection of their rule, and both owners and horses, after being in arrears again and again, can contend in stakes with the very persons they are indebted to. I am, therefore, in favor of the provision in these stakes, or something like it, because a Jockey Club rule cannot be made applicable to all stakes. If nothing of the kind is done, such gentlemen as Col. H——, whom "D.'s" stake aspires to honor, will be compelled to enter their colts in the name of irresponsible persons; and if all's right, and the chance good, they can on the day come forward and pay up the entrance and start; they can thus come into stakes on even terms. In our neighborhood in stakes it is usual to place the subscription in the hands of some person well acquainted with the community, and he only presents it to those whose names he considers detirable, and withholds it from those he considers objectionable.

It is truly "novel" in "D" anonymously to attempt to supercede stakes subscribed to by as many as thirteen gentlemen of the first respectability and standing, without even appending the names of his four subscribers to his stake to vouch for its respectability. However, both stakes may fill, and persons of both opinions can be suited. The Alabama stakes assuredly will succeed, and those who contend for the principles of "honor *sans* cash," can patronise the other stakes. I object to no man's classifying himself.

I am not a subscriber to the Alabama stakes, but know the names to it are as good as Nick Biddle's, and the conditions of it will render all other subscribers equally so. One of the stakes would have been styled the Hampton stake, but it was apprehended it might create confusion. The low forfeit will induce distant subscribers, as they can enter more than one colt, and drop the least promising at small cost, and so be certain to have a ticket in the lottery. And, as the time is distant gentlemen may change their views, without paying too high for the privilege. But the assurance these stakes hold out that the winner will be able to collect his forfeits all over the United States, and Texas too, without much trouble, will secure a long list of bona fide magnum bonum subscribers.

Snaffle.

AM. SPORTING GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED HORSES.

Llangollen, Ky., July 17th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—I cannot conceive how you can afford to send us such prints as accompany the "Spirit of the Times," unless your subscription list is greater than that of any other American periodical. The print of *John Bascombe* accompanying a late number suggests this idea. I have never seen the original, and therefore cannot say that the likeness is faithful—of this, I however, have no doubt—but it is a beautiful specimen of art. When the contemplated series of prints shall have been completed, they will form "a study" of great interest both to the sportsman and amateur. The comparison and analytical investigation of forms and points may lead to more than mere amusement. Not only the taste, but the judgment of the people of England in regard to horses has been much improved by the great number of fine paintings and prints of distinguished animals. So it will be here. I therefore hope you may be amply rewarded for this enterprise, in which, (publishing separate prints) I believe you are a pioneer.

The likeness of Bascombe puts me in mind of *Grey Eagle*, one of our Kentucky cracks. There are many points of resemblance between these two fine horses; and I think that Grey Eagle, if in order, will be an "ugly customer" in his races this Fall. He is in good hands. I saw him first among a number of young things, in his 3 year old form, and was much pleased with him. I have not seen him since till a few days ago, when I rode a few miles to see him. His muscular system is finely developed throughout, and his hock, particularly, is the finest model of a strong elastic locomotive apparatus, I have ever seen. The position of his ear is the only bad part about him. It is too low on the side of the head, and gives him a clownish look. Should he ever come into the breeding stud in Kentucky, I shall attempt to get some colts from him, for I do not believe after all, that a horse runs with his ears, and besides, that may be "all Yorkshire," "put on" like a certain white hat in old Virginny which covers a long head that you wot of.

It is probable that *Rodolph* will be in training this fall in the same stable with Grey Eagle. I do not think that there are any horses raised on calcareous lands that will beat them handily.

Very truly your obd't. serv't.,

J. L.

CHELTENHAM RACES.

If the stability of these races depended on the owners of race-horses there would be nothing to fear, for they have always shown the best feeling towards them when under a liberal and judicious management; of this the returns of Tuesday and Wednesday last supply abundant evidence; yet, notwithstanding the outward signs of prosperity which have been displayed of late, it is impossible to conceal the fact that "there is something rotten in the state of Denmark"—thanks to the annual crusades of Mr. Close, and, as a correspondent rather strongly expresses himself, "the psalm-singing subserviency" of the inhabitants.

The races on Tuesday were well and fashionably attended, but certainly not so numerously as on some former occasions, or as the fullness of the list led us to anticipate. The great race, it will be seen, was carried off by an outsider, after as fine a race as ever was witnessed; nor were the others deficient in interest. The evening amusements at Pittsville held out surprising attraction: the candidates for public applause were Mr. Yates, of the Adelphi; Mr. Robinson, the ballad-singer; Mr. Hudson, the comic singer; Miss R. Isaacs; Madame Rosini, the "graceful and terrific" tight-rope dancer; Mons. Bihin, the giant; and Mons. D'Ernest, the "Pyrotechnist to her Majesty." Nearly 3,000 persons were present, at the "small charge of three-and-sixpence."

The racing came off as follows:—

TUESDAY, July 2.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts 8st 7lb, fillies and geldings 8st 3lb; one mile and a quarter; four subs.

Mr. I. Day's b. f. *Science*, by Defence, out of Maldonia (3lb)	Pavis	1
Mr J. J. Bristow's br. f. Margaret, by Dr. Faustus, out of Dinah (3lb)		2

Betting: 4 to 1 on Science, who took the lead, kept it, and won easily by a length.

The *Presterbury Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added from the fund: three year olds 7st, four 8st, five 8st 9lb, six 9st, and aged 9st 3lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Sadler's *Delusion*, 5 yrs	Darling	1
Mr. Bristow's b. c. Whirlwind, 4 yrs		2
Mr. P. Pryse's gr. f. by Fungus, dam by Rubens—Undine, 3 yrs		3

Betting: 6 to 5 agst Delusion, and 5 to 4 agst. Whirlwind.—Delusion made all the running, had both her opponents quite safe at the hill, and won very easy by a length.

The *Gloucestershire Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; the second horse to save his stake; the winner of the Somersetshire Stakes in 1839 to carry 5lb extra; the winner to pay 20 sovs. to the Judge; about two miles; 57 subs, 38 of whom paid 5 sovs. each.

Mr. E. Griffith's ch. h. *Lugwardine*, 5 yrs, 8st	Chapple	1
Mr. V. Dolphin's The Skater, 6 yrs, 7st 8lb	Pavis	2
Mr. J. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb	Templeman	0
Mr. Fairlie's Zohrab, aged, 8st 10lb	Cartwright	0
Mr. J. Fowler's br. h. Heron, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb	Darling	0
Lord Palmerston's Ashfield, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb	W. Day	0
Lord Exeter's ch. g. Adrian, 5 yrs, 7st 8lb	S. Mann	0

This race created more than ordinary interest in all the sporting districts, the handicapping having been considered unusually close; that it was not over-rated is proved by the severity of the race. The betting at the Plough on Monday night opened at 4 to 1 agst. Heron, and 5 to 1 agst. The Skater, but changed before the close to 2 to 1 agst Heron; in the town this morning, and at the Grand Stand, he was also first favorite, and several bets were laid at 6 to 4; the closing odds were 2 to 1 agst. him (taken), 3 to 1 agst. The Skater, 6 to 1 agst. Zohrab, 8 to 1 agst. Modesty, 9 to 1 agst. Adrian, 12 to 1 agst. Lugwardine, and 16 to 1 agst. Ashfield.—The horses got off at the first signal, Lugwardine taking a lead of at least four lengths at the top of his speed, Modesty and Ashfield following him at the head of the ruck, and The Skater bringing up the rear. As they passed the Grand Stand the cry was "Jem, you will never come back again!" alluding to the very extraordinary speed at which Chapple on Lugwardine was going; however he continued the lead without any diminution of the pace, round the hill, where they appeared in a single file; down the hill the rear began to draw upon those in advance, and at the rise into the straight running they were all together, Lugwardine still having a slight advantage; here Isaac Day, and, in fact, every one, thought The Skater would have it; however, to the astonishment of every one, Lugwardine continued the lead and won by a head only, one of the quickest, best contested, and most interesting Gloucestershire Stakes ever seen. Modesty was not a neck from The Skater, and Zohrab was fourth. The two great winners are Mr. Bristow and Mr. Griffiths (the owner of Lugwardine), who took the odds 12 to 1 to a considerable amount. Lugwardine ran a most extraordinary game horse, and Chapple rode him with great judgment; nothing but the strong running he made won him the race.

The *Cheltenham* (Handicap) *Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added from the fund, for any horse; gents riders; two miles; eight subs.

Capt. Lamb's br. h. *Gardham*, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb	Mr. W. M'Donough	1
Mr. Collett's Duenna, aged, 10st 9lb		2
Mr. J. Stevens's Talebearer, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb		3
Mr. Fairlie's Don Sebastian, aged, 10st 9lb		4

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Gardham, who made all the running, with a strong lead, defeated Duenna in an attempt to collar him at the hill, and won in a canter by four lengths.

The *Southam Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added from the fund, for any horse that never won £100 at any time before the day of nomination; three year olds 7st, four 8st 7lb, five 9st 5lb, six 9st 12lb, and aged 10st; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner of £100 at any time previous to the day of starting to carry 5lb extra; two miles; eight subscribers.

Mr. Bristow's ch. f. *Susanna*, 3 yrs	Chapple	1
Mr. W. Hervey's gr. c. Master Eady, by Dr. Eady, dam by Buckfoot (an Arab), 4 yrs		2

Susanna the favorite. The young quack cut out the work, but never had a chance of winning; the mare waited till he reached the stand, where she ran by him, and won very cleverly by half a length.

The Ordinary this evening was held at the Plough Hotel, and was attended by about forty gentlemen, including Sir C. Cockerell, Hon. C. Berkeley, Messrs. C. Codrington, M.P., J. H. Elwes, E. Griffiths, W. J. Agg, E. Holland, Smith, &c. After the usual toasts, the chairman (E. Holland, Esq.) rose and proposed that in future years these races be called "The County of Gloucester Races, on Cleeve Hill Course." He stated that hitherto the county gentlemen thought it rested with the inhabitants of the town to support the races, while, on the other hand, the inhabitants were of opinion that the support should come from the county gentlemen. The Chairman then proposed a plan, that in future those county gentlemen who were well-wishers to the races should put down their names for a certain sum, to be subscribed annually for three years. This proposition was received with loud cheers, and upwards of twenty gentlemen immediately appended their names to the list for £5 each, for three years, and Ralph Etwall, M.P., Wm. E. Lawrence, and H. J. Elwes, Esqrs., were proposed as Stewards, it being intended that in future years the office shall be held by two county and one sporting gentleman.

WEDNESDAY, July 3.

The weather was delightful, and the company more numerous than on Tuesday, an improvement attributable, no doubt, to the desire to see three such "terrible high-bred" horses as Harkaway, Caravan, and the "gallant Grey." The sport commenced with

The *Sherborne* (Handicap) *Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added from the fund, for all ages; one mile; eight subs.

Mr. Sadler's *Delusion*, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb	Darling	1
Lord Palmerston's Ashfield, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb		2
Mr. Bristow's Whirlwind, 4 yrs, 8st		3
Mr. Tomes's Eliza, 4 yrs, 8st		4
Mr. Bristow's Alzdorf, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb		5

Ashfield took a strong lead, and made all the running to the distance, where Delusion went past him, and won cleverly by a length.

Match, 50 sovs., h. ft., 10st each; Gloucestershire Course.

Mr. G. V. Stanton's br. g. *Salperton*, aged	Darling	1
Mr. B. Glover's b. m. Maid-of-all-Work, 5 yrs		2

Won by nearly a quarter of a mile.

The *Tradesmen* and *Innkeepers' Cup* of 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; Goodwood Cup weights and conditions; two miles and a half; 18 subscribers.

Mr. Ferguson's *Harkaway*, 5 yrs	Calloway	1
Mr. I. Day's Caravan, 5 yrs	Pavis	2
Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Momus, 4 yrs	J. Day	3

Betting: 13 to 8 on Harkaway, 5 to 2 agst. Caravan, and 5 to 1 agst. Grey Momus.—This race created almost as much anxiety as the Gloucestershire Stakes, its results being in an important degree connected with the Goodwood Cup. The result is soon told. The Grey took the lead at a slashing pace, followed by Harkaway, Caravan lying about ten lengths behind; this order was observed for a mile and three quarters, when the Irish nag dispossessed the Grey of the lead, and Caravan soon after took the second place, without being able to reach Harkaway, who won by ten lengths! Mr. I. Day claims £100 out of the Stakes, on the ground that the weights and conditions were the same as for the Goodwood Cup, by which the second horse is entitled to receive that sum.

The *Scurry Stakes* (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added, for any horse; gents riders; heats, the last half mile.

Mr. Sadler's *Delusion*, 5 yrs, 12st	Mr. Sadler	1	1
Mr. Collett's Duenna, aged, 10st 12lb	Mr. Powell	2	2
Mr. I. Day's Huckster, 5 yrs, 11st	Capt. Pettat	3	3

Both heats won cleverly by a length; the winner the favorite.

The *Victoria Stakes* (Handicap) of 50 sovs., given by the Ladies of Cheltenham, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for the beaten horses of the meeting; the winner to receive 50 sovs., the second horse to receive 10 sovs., and the third horse 5 sovs, surplus of the sweepstakes to go to the winner; two miles.

Capt. Fairlie's *Zohrab*, aged, 9st 7lb	Cartwright	1
Mr. J. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, 5 yrs, 9st 2lb		2
Lord Exeter's ch. g. Adrian, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb		3
Mr. Bristow's Alzdorf, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb		4

Won by three lengths, after an indifferent race.

HARKAWAY AND THE HANDICAPPERS.

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.—Sir—As the handicappers have most probably expended their ammunition for the season on Harkaway and his owner, the present time may not be inopportune for a calm review of the conduct of all parties, in order to investigate the alleged criminality of one party, and the power of punishment exercised by the other.

We find that Harkaway's owner has had his horse's chance wilfully *put out* of several valuable stakes by the handicappers, on account of some alleged criminality. What was it? Harkaway was brought out to start for the Chester Stand Cup, and when Puff was mounted walked in again. The same thing happened to Velocipede in July, 1829, at Liverpool. The case was referred to the Jockey Club, and the bets declared not play or pay. In Harkaway's case that question never arose, as the very few bets were off by consent. I apprehend there was nothing more reprehensible in Harkaway's case than Velocipede's. When Puff was brought out he was walked in. It is a common ruse to frighten other nags out of the field, and to secure a walk over. If Laurel had not been brought out at Liverpool, would Velocipede have been walked in? Or, again, if there had not been a suspicion of Velocipede's legs, would Laurel have been brought out at all? I believe a declaration had been made in the Stand that Velocipede would start. None whatever was made in Harkaway's case. But the way Mr. Ferguson has been judged proves that there is one rule for one man, and another for his neighbor. For the first time in my experience on the turf, sentence was passed without trial, and in the vociferations of a body of men, *betters* and *betting* owners of race-horses, who have withstood a most wondrous ordeal with singular purity, if they can come into Court with clean hands themselves.

I have dealt with the accusation according to rumor. I may now ask for some definite accusation against Mr. Ferguson, and also for some responsible accuser. It must not only be proved that he has done something wrong, but for a dishonorable object. Surely his right, as the owner of a racehorse, to start him or not, will never be disputed. It is a right that has been continually exercised by turfmen, whose position in society and general reputation negatives any, even the least suspicion, that they would either be principals in, or lend themselves to, a swindle. That right has been exercised over and over again, in precisely the same manner as is now made criminal in Mr. Ferguson. Again, even Cardinal Puff was made the instrument of quite as suspicious conduct, by those who had the management of him, the year he ran for the Doncaster St. Leger. Though first favorite (as a public horse, in a more extended sense of the word than ever Harkaway was) backed out and out, it is now notorious, and not to be denied, that he was made subservient to, and sacrificed to Epirus. Again, Slane was also notoriously run once *not to win*, but in order to get weight off for the Goodwood Shield. Yet, whoever questioned the right of the owners "to do as they liked with their own?" What handicapper would have dared to constitute himself the officious judge and irresponsible executioner of such men as the Marquis of Westminster and Colonel Peel! What man will dare to breathe even a suspicion on their fame?

But the proceedings all through are pregnant with the grossest injustice towards Mr. Ferguson, and disaster to turf interests. On an unsupported accusation of robbery, he is robbed; but not only him but all who backed his horse out and out for any single race, or laid large odds against others, on the strength of having him in the field. The English method of dealing with such a case as is alleged against him, would have been to have called a Jockey Club court martial upon him, the same as in the Pauline case; and, if guilty, to have declared that neither his nomination, nor that of his horse, would be received.—As it is they are thankfully accepted, with the certainty of pocketing the stake, or, at least, the forfeit. If Mr. Ferguson had run his horse, and run him to lose, as he might have done, and without any detection, where would be the remedy? He ran him in Ireland, and being fairly beaten, he was accused of robbery. Every race he has run in England has been to win, but he exercised the same discretion allowed to rich and titled men about starting him in one race, and he is also accused of robbery; *not*, be it recollected, by a responsible party, but by an irresponsible clamor, and thereupon the handicappers, *most of them betting men, and some of them as ready to take advantage of a break down or a cough, to secure a p. p. bet, as the most profligate turf man*—these men then take upon themselves to destroy, as far as their power goes, all chance of Harkaway, or Mr. Ferguson, winning a single race.

If turf matters are to be thus managed, if this wild kind of adjudication is to prevail, I would ask what is the use of the Jockey Club, its rules and regulations, and also of the conditions of a race and the office of stewards? The precedent established in this case is most dangerous. It places the character and honor of any man, who keeps a horse, in the power of men, who, whatever may be their qualification to judge of the merits of horses, certainly are not generally of a class that the nobility and gentry who patronise the turf would admit to be the fittest to adjudicate on the demerits of men. Their self-established court is not even inquisitorial. It is purely one of condemnation, and that without accusation, evidence, or appeal.

The case of Harkaway is, I believe, the first instance of such proceedings. I trust it will be the last. But, be that as it may, I cannot think that the winner of any stake, when forfeit has been declared on his behalf, through the extraordinary weight put on him, can with a clear conscience receive such forfeit, knowing that Harkaway's chance was designed by every *one* to lose, and *none to win*.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

Bell's Life in London, July 7, 1839. An Old Turfman.

Mr. Ferguson's Harkaway.—We mentioned an *on dit* very prevalent at Tattersall's last week, that the Duke of Richmond would prevent Mr. Ferguson from running Harkaway in Goodwood-park, (which we need not say is a private course), unless he explained certain conduct imputed to him at Doncaster and elsewhere. We learn, upon high authority, that "it is quite the reverse," and hasten to correct the error, which, however, be it remembered, did not originate with us. Nevertheless, we must say we should not have been surprised if such had been the case, as we do not think the Duke of Richmond is a man likely to encourage persons capable of deceit, and we should as soon expect to see Mr. Theobald as Mr. Ferguson "fretting his hours" on the Goodwood Stand. But "turf doings" are paradoxes which are not altogether intelligible to vulgar minds.

The Bloomsbury and Deception Questions.—We must be excused from pursuing the arguments on these matters. The former is fairly launched for discussion at the Liverpool Assizes, and it would be unfair for us to attempt exciting a prejudice on either side. All we say is, that both parties are equally confident.

A correspondent from Mickleham informs us that the race horse *Hectic* was taken ill on Saturday morning last of violent inflammation of the bowels, and after suffering great pain, died in the same evening.

N. Britton's man is matched for three sovereigns to perform the following match, viz.:—Walk one mile forward, one mile backward, run one mile, trundle a hoop one mile, wheel a barrow one mile, draw a cart one mile, and pick up fifty stones one yard apart. The whole distance to be performed in one hour and ten minutes. The match to take place to-morrow from the two-and-a-half mile-stone, Shepherd's Bush. The pedestrian to start at half-past six o'clock in the afternoon.

Mountjoy and Fuller.—The second deposit for this match, for £50 a side, to walk 20 miles—run a mile, to walk a mile, to walk backwards a mile, to trundle a hoop a mile, to wheel a barrow a mile, and to pick up 40 stones, a yard apart, was made good at the Cleveland Arms, Montague-street, Portman-square, on Wednesday evening. The third deposit to be made on Wednesday next, at Tom Spring's. The match to come off on Tuesday, the 6th August.

FREE MARTINS.

When a cow has twin calves, one a bull calf and the other to appearance a heifer calf, the last is called a *free martin*. It is a singular law of nature, and apparently limited to cattle, that twin animals so produced, are unfit for the propagation of their species. The free martin is to appearance a cow, exhibits at times sexual inclinations, and some have been known to receive the male, but always without effect. These singular facts led Dr. Hunter to a physiological examination of their structure; and recently Dr. Allnatt, of London, has examined several with the same object. The cause of this singular animal phenomena, is found to result from a peculiar vaginal and auterine organization, which effectually prevents conception. The expulsion of the urine was, in the animal examined by Dr. A., propelled in jets rather than in a continued stream, and a singular mal-conformation of the parts, on examination after death, satisfactorily explained the cause. Free martins work well in the yoke, are strong and kind workers together, or with another ox. When allowed to run with the cows, the free martin, unlike the spayed heifer, is particularly on the alert, when the cows are in a condition to recive the male. Why the female of the ox family, when produced as a twin, should alone of all other animals be incapable of reproduction, is one of those physiological anomalies left for future observers to explain. Genesee Farmer.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR FARMERS.

To J. Buel, Esq., editor of "The Cultivator."

Dear Sir,—When I was a boy, I can well remember how I used to be induced to wash my smutty face, by having a looking-glass held before my eyes. For the same purpose, I have extracted the following picture of "a farmer," from the writings of that most eccentric and excellent writer, "Samuel Slick," in the hopes that if any of your readers should happen to see any part of himself therein, that he will improve by the view. Here it is.

"* * That critter, when he built that wreck of a house, they call 'em a half house here, intended to add as much more to it some of these days, and accordingly put his chimbley outside, to sarve the new part as well as the old. He has been too 'busy' ever since, you see, to remove the banking put there the first fall, to keep the frost out of the cellar, and consequently it has rotted the sills off, and the house has fell away from the chimbley, and he has had to prop it up with great sticks of timber, to keep it from coming down on his knees altogether. All the windows are boarded up but one, and that might as well be, for little light can penetrate them ole hats and red flannel petticoats. Look at the barn; its broken back roof has let the garble eends fall in, where they stand staring at each other, as if they would like to come closer together and no doubt they soon will, to consult what is best to be done to gain their standing in the world Now look at the stock, there's your improved short horns. Them dirty looking, half-starved geese, and them draggle-tailed fowls that are so poor the foxes would be ashamed to steel them—that little lanterned-jawed, long-leg'ed, rabit-eared runt of a pig, that's so weak it cant curl its tail up—that old cow fraim standing there with her eyes shut, and looking for all the world as tho' she's contemplating her latter eend, and with good reason too, and that other redish-yellow, long-wooled varmint, with his hocks higher than his belly, that looks as if he had come to her funeral, and which by way of distinction, his owner calls a horse, is all the stock, I guess, this farmer supports upon a hundred acres of as good natural soil as ever laid out door. Now there's a specimen of 'Native Stock.' I reckon he'll imigrate to a warmer climate soon, for you see while he was waiting to finish that thing you see the hen's roosting on, that he calls a sled, he's had to burn up all the fence round the house, but there's no danger of cattle breaking into his fields, and his old muley has larnt how to sneak around among the neighbors' fields of nights, looking for an open gate or bars, to snatch a mouthful now and then. For if you were to mow that meadow with a razor and rake it with a fine tooth comb you couldn't get enough to winter a grasshopper. 'Spose we drive up to the door and have a word of chat with Nick Bradshaw, and see if he is as promising as outside appearances indicate.

"Observing us from the only light of glass remaining in the window, Nick lifted the door and laying it aside, emerged from the kitchen parlor and smoke house, to reconoitre. He was a tall, well-built, athletic man of great personal strength, and surprising activity, who looked like a careless, good-natured fellow, fond of talking, and from the appearance of the little black pipe which stuck in one corner of his mouth, equally so of smoking; and as he appeared to fancy us to be candidates, no doubt he was already enjoying in prospective the neighboring tap-room. Just look at em.—Happy critter—his hat crown has lost the top out, and the rim hangs like the bail of a bucket. His trowsers and jacket show clearly that he has had clothes of other colors in other days. The untan'd moccason on one foot, which contrasts with the old shoe on the other, shows him a friend to domestic manufactures; and his beard is no bad match for the woolly horse yonder. See the waggish independent sort of a look the critter has, with his hat on one side, and hands in his breeches pockets, contemplating the beauties of his farm.

"You may talk about patience and fortitude, philosophy and christian resignation, and all that sort of thing till you get tired, but—ah, here he comes, "Morning Mr. Bradshaw—how's all home to day?' 'Right comfortable,'—here that, comfort in such a place—'I give thanks—come, light and come in. I'm sorry can't feed your hoss, but the fact is, 'tan't bin no use to try to raise no crops late years, for body don't git half paid for their labor, these hard times. I raised a nice bunch of potatoes last year, and as I couldn't get nothing worth while for 'em in the fall, I tho't I'd keep 'em till spring. But as frost set in while I was down town 'lection time, the boys didn't fix up the old cellar door, and this infernal cold winter froze 'em all. It's them what you smell now, and I've just been telling the old woman that we must turn too and carry them out of the cellar 'fore long, they'll make some of us sick like enough, for there's no telling what may happen to a body late years. And if the next legislator don't do something for us, the Lord knows but the whole country will starve, for it seems as tho' the land now days won't raise nothing. It's actually run out.'

"Why, I should think by the look of things around your neighbor Horton's that his land produced pretty well.' "Why, yes, and it's a miracle too, how he gets it—for everybody round here said, when he took up that track, it was the poorest in the town. There are some folks that think he has dealings with the black art, for't does seem as tho' the more he worked his land the better it got."

Now here was a mystery; but an easy explanation of Mr. Slick soon solved the matter, at least to my mind. "The fact is," says Mr. Slick, "a great deal of this country is run out, and if it warn't for the lime, marsh-mud, sea-weed, salt sand, and what not, they've got here in such quantities, and a few Horton's to apply it, the whole country would run out, and dwindle away to just sich great good natural good-for-nothing do-nothing fellows as this Nick Bradshaw, and his woolly horse, and woolless sheep, and cropless farm, and comfortless house, if indeed such a great wind rack of loose lumber is worthy the name of a house.

"Now by way of contrast to all this, do you see that neat little cottage looking house on yonder hammock, away to the right there, where you see those beautiful shade trees. The house is small, but it is a whole house. That's what I call about right—flanked on both sides by an orchard of best graft fruit—a tidy flower garden in front that the girls see to, and a most grand sarce garden jist over there, where it takes the wash of the buildings, nicely sheltered by that bunch of shrubbery.

"Then see them everlasting big barns, and, by gosh, there goes fourteen dairy cows, as slick as moles. Them flowers, honeysuckles and rose bushes, shows what sort of a family lives there, just as plain as straws show which way the wind blows.

"Them galls an't tarnally racing round to quilting and husking frolics, their feet exposed in thin slips to the mud, and their honor to a thinner protection. No, no, take my word for't, when you see gals busy about such things to home, they are what our old minister used to call 'right minded.' Such things keep them busy, and when folks are busy about their own business, they've no time to get into mischief. It keeps them healthy, too, and as cheerful as larks. I've a mind w'll 'light here, and view this citizen's improvements, and we shall be welcomed to a neat substantial breakfast, that would be worthy to be taken as a pattern by the farmer's wife in America."

We were met at the door of Mr. Horton, who greeted my friend Slick with the warm salutation of an old acquaintance, and expressed the satisfaction natural to one habitually hospitable, for the honor of my visit. He was a plain, healthy, intelligent looking man about fifty, dressed as a farmer should be, with the stamp of 'Homespun," legible upon every garment, not forgetting a very handsome silk handkerchief, the work throughout of his oldest daughter.

The room into which we were ushered, bore the same stamp of neatness and comfort that the outside appearance indicated. A substantial home-made carpet covered the floor, and a well filled book-case and writing-desk, were in the right place, among the contents of which, I observed several agricultural periodicals. I was particularly struck with the scrupulously neat and appropriate attire of the wife and two intelligent interesting daughters that were busily engaged in the morning operations of the dairy.

After partaking of an excellent breakfast, Mr. Horton invited us to walk over his farm, which tho' small, was every part in such a fine state of cultivation, that he did not even express a fear of starving unless the legislature did something to keep the land from running out.

We bade adieu to this happy family, and proceeded on our journey fully impressed with the contrast between a good and bad farmer, and for my own part, perfectly satisfied with the manner that Mr. Slick had taken to impress it indelibly upon my own mind.

Mr. Slick seemed wrapped in contemplation of the scenes of the morning for a long time. At length he broke forth in one of his happy strains. "The bane of this country, Squire, and indeed of all America, is having too much land—they run over more ground than they can cultivate, and crop the land year after year, without manure, till it's no wonder that it runs out. A very large portion of land in America has been run out, by repeated grain crops, and bad husbandry, until a great portion of this country is in a fair way to be ruined. The two Carolinas and Varginny are covered with places that are run out and are given up as ruined, and there are a plagey site too many such places all over New England and a great many other states. We hav'nt the surplus of wheat that we used to have in the United States, and it'll never be so plenty while there are so many Nick Bradshaw's in the country.

"The fact is this, Squire, education is deucedly neglected. True we have a sight of schools and colleges, but they ain't the right kind. The same Nick Bradshaw has been clean through one on 'em and 'twas there that he learnt that infernal lazy habit of drinking and smoking, that has been the ruin of him ever since. I wouldn't give a old fashioned swing tail clock, to have my son go to college where he couldn't work enough to arn his own living and larn how to work it right tu.

"It actilly frightens me, when I think how the land is worked and skinned, till they take the gizzard out on't, when it might be growing better every day.

Thousands of acres every year are turned into barrens, while an everlasting stream of our folks are streaking it off to the new country, where about half on 'em after wading about among the tadpoles to catch cat-fish enough to live on a year or two, actilly shake themselves to death with that everlasting cuss of all new countries, the fever and agur. It's a melancholy fact, Squire, though our people don't seem to be sensible of it, and you nor I may not live to see it, but if this awful robbin' of posterity goes on for another hundred years, as it has for the last, among the farmers, we'll be a nation of paupers. Talk about the legislature doing something, I'll tell you what I'd have them do. Paint a great parcel of guide boards, and nail 'em up over every legislature, church, and school-house door in America, with these words on 'em in great letters, 'THE BEST LAND IN AMERICA, BY CONSTANT CROPPING, WITHOUT MANURE WILL RUN OUT.' And I'd have 'em, also, provide means to larn every child how to read it, cause it's no use to try to learn the old ones, they're so sot in their ways. They are on the constant stretch with the land they have, and all the time trying to git more, without improving any on't. Yes, yes, yes, *too much land* is the ruin of us all."

Although you will find a thousand more good things among the writings of "The Clockmaker," I hope you will not look for a literal copy of the foregoing. And if ever this meets the eye of the writer of the "Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick," I beg him to excuse me for the liberty I have taken with his own language. I remain your agricultural friend. SOLON ROBINSON.

Lake C. H. Ia. Oct. 12, 1838.

BEEF! BEEF!

MR. TUCKER,—I think the firmest believer in the doctrine of human perfectibility would have his faith severely tried should he read our city newspapers, (those of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore,) and notice the sage remarks, and wise reasonings entered into, to prove that a combination is existing from the farmer, the grower of the calf, down to the butcher's boy that distributes the latest steak, to defraud Mr. President Van Buren's liege subjects in their daily modicum of beef. Consumers in these places wax valorous, and talk loud; the farmer, the drover, and the grazier are denounced, and a thousand beautiful projects are proposed to be revenged on these incorrigible sinners who are plotting, as is supposed, to diminish the *quantum sufficit* of beef. Now we farmers who are the fountain-head of supply, and who at a glance can detect the causes that operate to create higher prices on any given article of food, are aware that none of these sage conjectures are worth a tobacco-stopper, still it may benefit some to have the actuual causes pointed out, that the blame of a scarcity of meat, if it exists, may fall where it ought.

In the first place, the number of cattle in this country fit for feeding has greatly diminished. The statistics for showing this are somewhat limited, but every one conversant with the country and the agricultural interests knows that such is the fact. The tax list of the State of Vermont, one of the best grazing States, will illustrate this falling off in neat cattle most clearly. I take from 1832 to 1837, five years—

Falling off in yokes of oxen	13,000
" " " number of cows	13,000
" " " two years old	15,000

Making a decrease of 64,000 head of cattle in five years in that State alone; and there can be little doubt that throughout the North the decrease was in about the same ratio.

Two causes have contributed to produce this decline in the numbers of cattle for several years past; one was the general substitution of the horse for the ox on the farm for labor—a most impolitic change in most cases;—and the other was the increase of sheep, which animal to a great extent took the place of neat cattle. Thus, in Vermont, during the five years in which the cattle declined above 60,000, the sheep increased more than a million, and the result was unquestionably very similar in the other Northern States.

In the second place, the price of cattle was so high the past year for other purposes, that with the prices of grain and articles used for feeding, there was no inducement in the price of beef, high as it was, for the farmer to feed the cattle. When a good yoke of working cattle is worth from 100 to 150 dollars; when a cow for the dairy is worth 35 or 40 dollars; when corn is worth a dollar, potatoes fifty cents, and other things in proportion, there is little to induce the farmer to encounter the trouble and risk of converting them into beef, as it is very rare that in such cases he obtains remunerating prices, and farmers, no more than other men, love to labor without the prospect of some small reward.

And in the third place, where cattle to fat were to be found, last fall and winter the materials for feeding them were not to be had. The unprecedented drouth of last summer destroyed all the means of fattening, and almost of wintering, the cattle, through a large part of the United States. Thus in the Sciota Valley in Ohio, where from ten to fifteen thousand are usually fed for market, the farmers were unable to furnish more than three or four thousand in the whole; and I know of towns and districts which have heretofore fed extensively from which not an ox fatted for market was driven. These three causes, and that they exist to the extent stated no one acquainted with facts can deny, are sufficient to account for any existing scarcity of beef without any combinations, or unfair dealing of any kind in any quarter.

But the methods proposed to punish the farmer, by these sapient cits, is deserving a moments consideration. They would not eat beef, that they would not. Well something must be eaten that's certain, and if you won't buy our beef what will you eat? Why, Pork and Mutton. Very well, gentlemen consumers, we can accommodate you; we have plenty of pork and mutton, but they have cost money, and must be paid for; we will eat our beef, sell you our pork and mutton; keep our cows, and in the increased consumption of dairy products, clear from each cow a large part of what she would have brought in the city market as beef. This will be the result of punishing the farmer.—When hungry stomachs, and lank limbs, are pitted against clover fields, fat oxen, and burdened granaries, there is no great difficulty in determining which must knock under. The farmer cannot be *compelled* to feed beef or mutton; if his interest prompts, it will be done, not without; and threats or scolding will not yield a single pound of beef. If the consumer does not like our prices, let him leave the *pavé*, become a denizen of the country, and assist by active labor in producing more food to reduce them. I for one would hail such a result as a symptom of returning sanity to many, and would most cordially welcome them to the field. PLOUGH POINT.

Genessee Farmer, July 20, 1839.

SEED ON RICH OR POOR LAND.

There appears to be some diversity of opinion as to the point whether good or poor land requires the greatest quantity of seed, and the practice among farmers is probably as variable as their opinions. It is certainly desirable that the proper course should be pursued; a wrong one must of necessity subject the followers of it to losses. In order to arrive at a correct understanding of the matter, the manner in which plants grow on rich and on poor soil should first be considered When a seed, say of wheat for example, is put into a rich soil, it springs up with a broad vigorous leaf and shoot, throws out strong roots, immediately begins to tiller or push out side shoots from the root, and if not checked or crowded will sometimes show from ten to twenty, and even more, perfect stems, or heads, from a single plant. If the seeds are put in close together in such a soil, the plants will tiller, but the stems must rise close together, a want of circulation of air experienced, and though a great growth of straw is produced, the quantity and quality of the wheat is most generally of an inferior kind. Besides, as wheat stems when grown in such a crowded state, are liable to all the diseases and difficulties of plants grown in the shade, they are usually wanting in solidity and firmness, and frequently are lodged so early as to afford little or no grain.

When a seed is sown on land of a poor quality, the shoot and the root are less vigorous, and do not exhibit the disposition to expand and tiller as in the former case; very frequently not more than one or two stalks is produced from a root, the stems are hard and little subject to the diseases incident to crowded wheat, and rarely lodges from rapidity of growth or weakness of stem. The same remarks are in general applicable to all other kinds of grain or plants, so far as the richness or poverty of the soil is concerned.

It would seem then to be perfectly reasonable to suppose that on rich land less seed should be used than on land more reduced, and the facts developed in cultivation it is believed correspond with this theory. We have seen instances in which the crops of grain and of roots, there was reason to think was much reduced by a rich soil being overseeded. The plants were vigorous but crowded; in grain immense growths of straw was produced, but the berry was light and imperfect; in the roots, the tops were most luxuriant, but the bulbs and tubers evidently suffered. In confirmation of the opinion here advanced, and in particular as we know it is contrary to the practice of some, perhaps many, of our farmers, who are in the habit of more heavily seeding good than poor land, we make the following extract from an able paper by an experienced farmer, in the May No. of the London Farmer's Magazine:—In treating of the potatoe, and the best method of producing great crops, the writer says:—

"The error is, in planting good land, you put in twice as much seed as is required; the consequence is a great mass of haulm is produced, which by being so close together draws each other up; your land is covered with a mass of green that excludes the sun and air, and in dry summers sucks up all the moisture required for the tubers, and if any of these are formed there is nothing to bring them to perfection, and this is the true cause why in good rich land you do not obtain a crop; the fault therefore is not in the land, but in the management of such land. The very same error is committed in sowing wheat and other grain too thick."

We knew a small piece of rich made land sowed wirh barley at the rate of five or six bushels to the acre, and the crop was an entire failure. There can be no doubt that if properly distributed, a bushel of wheat will furnish as many plants as can grow an acre of good land, and a bushel and a half is sufficient for any land fit to grow wheat. Corn will do to be planted very thick in the rows or drills if these rows are sufficiently distant from each other to allow a free circulation of air, and the access of the sunbeams; and the same remark holds true of most other plants. Thus wheat sown in drills rarely suffers from the causes that are so fatal at times to that sown broadcast, as the spaces between the drills allow the access of light and air to the stems of the plant, and aids the perfection of the grain. As a general rule then, we think it may be considered as settled, that good lands require less seed than poor ones, and vice versa. Genessee Farmer.

FARM ACCOUNTS.

How often do we hear it said that "Massachusetts farmers cannot get a living;" but a few days since I heard a farmer remark that "no one could expect by farming to receive more than four per cent. for fair capital invested." These things have been so frequently reiterated that our young men feel that they are under the necessity of seeking other employments or remove to the west, where it is represented that labor receives a greater return. I am aware that much may be done to increase the income of the farmer, and trust that light is dawning, and that a new impulse has been given which ere long will convince our young men that agriculture in Massachusetts is not only honorable, but profitable. It has appeared to me strange that farmers generally neglect to keep correct accounts in reference to their farms; probably owing to this many have been deceived; their farms not having the credit for all they produce. In your paper of last week, Mr. Anthony has given an account from which something may be learned. It has been my practice to keep an *exact* account, charging every thing and giving credit for every thing belonging to the farm. In order that I may be corrected if in an error, I shall *suppose a case*, and give you the account as I keep my own.

Suppose my family consists of ten children, and one of the number, by sickness or some other calamity, is a constant bill of expense, and suppose my neighbor is not blessed with children, and we have farms nearly alike and managed nearly in the same way, our expenses will not be the same, and unless a proper account is kept, I may be led to complain of the unprofitable business of farming. The following account is on the supposition that I am "clear of the world," and my all is in my farm and stock. I estimate my stock and tools, &c, at prices they would command, being careful not to deceive myself on this point, considering that for my own use they are worth more than estimated at; also intending to improve my farm and make it more valuable.

1838, *April* 1. *Farm Dr.*	
Cost of Farm	$3000
Manure of land	150
Stock	400
Produce	200
Tools	250
Dairy utensils	50
	$4050
Purchased during the year stock and tools	200
Sundry expenses	42
Paid for labor	40
Board	17
Labor of self and two sons including board	575
Labor in dairy	75
Paid taxes	15
Insurance	5
Interest on $4050	243
	$5262
Balance profit	400
	$5662

Cr.	
By hay and grain sold	$196
Butter, cheese, veal and milk	394
Pork and beef	450
Wood for family above what was used for dairy, &c.	45
Grain, butter, milk, &c. &c. for family	195
Rent of house, and use of horse	75
1837—March 31—On hand	400
Produce	350
Manure	250
Tools	262
Dairy utensils	45
Farm	3000
	$5662

And now let us suppose my farm sold and the account closed, and the result as above. I have to support my family—

Received for board	$ 17
Labor and do.	650
Interest	243
Profit	400
	$1310

Now my expenses, arising from a numorous family, the education of a son, &c. may have been $1600, if so, should it be said that farming is not profitable? It appears that I am daid for my labor and receive more than 15 per cent. interest for the capital employed.

I have made this statement, believing that farmers often are deceived, and that a multitude of farmers in Massachusetts can show a better result than is exhibited by this account.

Westborough, June, 1830. New England Farmer.

A RARE ADVENTURE IN THE EAST INDIES.

A party of officers belonging to the 36th regiment of (native) Heavy Dragoons, being out on a shooting expedition, encamped on the night of the 31st of September last in a small compound on the banks of the Humbujjee, having received information from their sicarrahs that a large tiger, which had for some months devastated the neighboring country, had been traced to an extensive jungle on the banks of the river, about two miles from the village of Cuttalong, where the party was quartered. Having made all the preliminary arrangements that were necessary, by posting coolies and chimrowzees in extended order at the exterior of the jungle, so as to form a perfect line of communication, and command the most likely avenues, the sportsmen broke up their camp about an hour before daylight, and eagerly repaired to the intended scene of action. The party consisted of four persons—Captain Drummage, Lieut. Pinkwell, Lieutenant Maggles, and Assistant Surgeon Cutbush, all of the 36th; they were mounted on hardy and active Pickarow ponies, and each man was armed with a double-barrelled rifle, a hunting-spear, and a cuttyjack or native dagger, very similar in form and temper to the Malay creeso.

On arriving at the edge of the jungle the subadar-chimrowzee, whose duty it had been to effect the reconnoisance, informed Captain Drummage, that about 6 o'clock on the previous evening, the tiger, which he described as of enormous size, had made a sortie, and fallen upon a herd of cattle in an adjoining choultry, and carried off a fine cow. Various ineffectual shots had been fired by the herdsmen in charge of the pen, but the fierce animal had regained the jungle, and from the trail which was left, it was conjectured that he was now lying in the south-western angle of the thicket not very far from the river. Captain Drummage immediately formed his plan of attack. Selecting four couple of chittawarry dogs, he entered them at a narrow part of the jungle, which forms a kind of neck or isthmus between its northern and southern divisions, and directed Lieut. Maggles and Assistant Surgeon Cutbush to proceed warily in a southern direction. Condensing the chain of posts towards the opposite extremity, where the rocky character of the soil afforded the least opportunity for the tiger's escape, while from its height it gave the videttes a better command over the whole, Captain Drummage, accompanied by Lieut. Pinkwell, resolved to follow upon the monster's trail, and penetrate that part of the thicket which appeared to lead more directly to the tiger's retreat. Captain Drummage and his companion were attended by the subadar-chimrowzee, and two brace of chittawarries—an admirable description of dog for jungle-hunting. With less difficulty than might have been expected, they threaded the masses of the dense underwood, which, usually so stocked with game, was now completely deserted—a circumstance evidently to be ascribed to the presence of the tyrant of the plains. Not a single chowprassie rose upon the wing—not a solitary muzzaul rushed from the covert. After proceeding for about a quarter of an hour, Captain Drummage observed that his favorite chittawarry—a fine brindled animal—began to show strong signs of impatience and anxiety by dashing hastily into the thicket and speedily returning, as if to induce a more rapid approach to where the tiger lay hid, Captain Drummage now gave the signal, and the dogs, hitherto mute, at once gave tongue, and plunged through the long prickly muskus grass, and tangled underwood, while their cry was echoed by the pack belonging to Lieut. Maggles, apparently about 150 yards distant. In a few seconds the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the voice of Assistant Surgeon Cutbush cheering on the dogs. Captain Drummage and Lieutenant Pinkwell rushed orward, and, dashing aside the boughs which obstructed their path, beheld the enemy of whom they were in search. A small ravine, or rather a gully communicating with the Humbujjee, lay between them and the tiger, whose appearance was truly terrific.

On the opposite bank, in a pool of blood which had weltered from its neck and side, with dislocation in every limb, and life long since extinct, lay the body of the cow, the hinder part nearly hid in the thick reeds that grew about the recess into which the tiger had dragged it. Glaring above his victim, with his fore feet firmly planted on its prostrate form—his head erect, and jaws distended, his body drawn up, his hind legs doubled under him, and his tail waving to and fro with a quick and tremulous motion—stood the formidable beast himself, apparently doubtful whether to commence or await the attack. But little time was given him for deliberation; hallooing the dogs forward, who boldly dashed across the ravine, the officers levelled their rifles and fired almost simultaneously. Lieutenant Pinkwell's ball grazed the animal's ribs, while that of Captain Drummage wounded him slightly in the neck; no effect appeared to have been produced by the other shots. The chittawarries rushed on, and the tiger, irritated at the wounds he had received, with one sweep of his enormous paw crushed three of them in the dust, and, seizing a fourth, the brave brindled dog, in his jaws, crushed him between his teeth, and hurled him dead into the ravine. As quick as thought the second barrels were poured in, and this time with better effect; two balls pierced the tiger's breast, and another cut away the upper part of his left ear. Uttering a tremendous howl, he sprang forward, and wide as the ravine appeared, measuring full thirty feet, he cleared it at a bound, before the rifles could be reloaded for execution. His first spring was made at Lieut. Maggles, whom he felled to the earth with his powerful paw, tearing away his clothes, and severely lacerating the whole of his left side. He then turned on Assistant Surgeon Cutbush, who, having no fire-arms ready, thrust his spear at the monster's eyes, but his hand being unsteady he missed his aim, and his spear flying from his grasp, the tiger seized him by the right arm, and, wheeling round, made off down the ravine in the direction of the river. At this moment Captain Drummage fired again, and having a favorable side view, sent a ball through the tiger's jaw, and made him drop his prey. But it was only for an instant; he turned as it were in defiance, shook his head wildly, and then with desperate energy once more seized his unfortunate victim, and bounded towards the river. The party followed, trusting to arrest his course before he reached the stream, and a ball from the rifle of Lieut. Pinkwell told on his side, marked by a long track of blood along his striped coat. But his course was not checked, and before Captain Drummage could follow up his shot the tiger had plunged into the Humbujjee with the wounded gentleman fixed between his jaws.

Mr. Cutbush, though dreadfully hurt, still retained his presence of mind, while the certainty of death in one shape or other appeared inevitable. His left arm was disengaged, and while the tiger dragged him through the river he felt in his belt for his cuttyjack: it was fortunately by his side, and with determined resolution he drew it from its sheath, and plunged it deep in the tiger's breast immediately beneath the insertion of the left fore-arm. A violent spasm, occasioned by the clutch of the tiger, the report of the fire arms, and all recollections passed away from Cutbush, until he awoke again to consciousness, extended on the sandy shore of the Humbujjee, with his friends round him, Capt. Drummage and Lieut. Pinkwell leaning on their rifles, Lieut. Maggles resting on a buddekhar with his left arm in a sling, and the body of the tiger pierced with innumerable wounds, stretched in death at their feet.

It appears that, on being stabbed by Mr. Cutbush, the tiger dropped his victim, and raised himself for a moment, a better mark for the rifles of the hunters, who with admirable precision sent an ounce ball clean through his head. To save Mr. Cutbush from drowning was but the work of a moment; one of the chimrowsees swam off, and brought him to the shore, while, with a lasso, the remainder of the party dragged the dead tiger on the beach. This enormous animal was found to measure 24 feet in length. We are glad to find that although much hurt, there is nothing dangerous in the wounds received by either Mr Cutbush or Lieut. Maggles. Fuzzleyhaun Hurkaru.

CROSS KEYS COURSE, SOUTHAMPTON CO., Va.

THE races over this course will commence the 3d Tuesday, 17th September, 1839, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $150 each, h. ft., Mile heats, to name and close the 1st day of Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now two subscribers.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, free of discount, $15 entrance.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, free of discount, $20 ent.

Fourth day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. To name and close the 1st day of Sept. 1839. Three or more to make a race.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, One mile, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. Now two subs., and many more expected.

Entries made to any of the above stakes will be addressed to SAMPSON C. RUSE, Proprietor, Boykin's Depot, Southampton County, Virginia.

GEORGE B. CARY, President.
ROBT. RIDLEY, 1st Vice President.
JAS. S. FRENCH, 2d Vice President.
C. D. BARHAM, Secretary.
July 12, 1839.—[jy 20]

BUCKEYE STAKE.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Buckeye Stake," on the first day of the Spring Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842. Mile heats, for colts and fillies to be three years old the respective dates, $300 entrance, $100 ft., to name and close the 1st day of January in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.

June, 1839.—[Jy 6-6t]

WHEELING JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting over the *Wheeling Course* will commence on Tuesday, the 2d Sept., and continue five days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $50 each, h. ft. To name and close 20th August. Now two subs.

Same day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. To name and close by 1st Sept.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $50 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st Sept.

Second day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Third day—Corinthian Stake for untried horses, Mile heats, $25 entrance, sd. sd Gentlemen Riders, dressed in Jockey Club style; weight 160lbs., to close the day before the race.

Same day—For a Splendid Sett of Cut Glass, value $150, Two mile heats; entrance depending upon the number of subscribers; the winner to take the glass or the money at his option.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Purse $150, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

J. E. NORVELL, } *Proprietors.*
J. H. OLIVER, }
[jy 20]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.
A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.
June 23, 1839.—[jy 13]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European Plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the
[Mar16-tf.]

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, subscription $300 each, $100 forfeit; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st of August. Now two subscribers, viz: David McDaniel, Jas. B. Kendall.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that have never won, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above. Now one subscriber, viz.: Col. Wm. R. Johnson.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that have never won, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

A list of the entries to the above Sweepstakes will be published in the "Spirit of the Times," immediately after the 1st of August.

☞ The Fall Meeting will commence on the Second Tuesday following the Fall Races over the Kendall Course. Purses, $1500, Four mile heats; $1000, Three mile heats; $600, Two mile heats, &c. &c. One third of each purse to go to the second best, if more than one start—if but *one* all to go to the winner. Entrance 5 per cent.

When the rules of the Northern Turf do not determine which is second best, the horse that is second in the last heat will be so considered. O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

Trenton, N. J., July 11, 1839.—[jy 13]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Baltimore, Md. - -	Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Boonville, Mo. - - -	and New Franklin, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
Camden, N. J. - - - -	and Philadelphia J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
Crab Orchard, Ky. -	Spring Hill Course, 1st Wednesday, 4th Sept.
Cincinnati, Ohio - -	Buckeye Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Sept.
Clinton, Ala. - - - -	Pactolus Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Cross Keys, Va. - - -	Southampton County, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
Columbia S. C. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
Fort Smith, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Greensboro', Ala.- -	Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
Louisville, Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
" "	Great Sweepstakes of 10 subs., at $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats, on the last day of Sept., the 30th.
Livingston, Ala. - -	Picton Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 2 m. h., *Czarina* vs. *Cleopatra*, 1st day.
Lynchburg, Va. - -	Lynchburg Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
Montreal, L. C. - -	Turf Club Meeting, St. Pierre Course, 3d Monday, 19th Aug.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
Maysville, Ky. - - -	Beechland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Sept.
Norfolk, Va. - - - -	and Portsmouth J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
New York City - -	Union Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
New Orleans, La. -	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
Pittsylvania C.H. Va.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Sept.
Petersburg, Va. - -	Newmarket Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
Quebec, L. C. -- - -	Association Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Sept.
Raleigh, N. C.- - - -	State Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.
St. Louis, Mo. - - - -	Prairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
Springfield, Ala. -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Trenton, N. J. - - -	Eagle Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
Van Buren, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Washington, D. C. -	National Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Wheeling, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Sept.
White S. Springs, Va.	Fauquier Co., Victoria Course, J. C. F. Meeting, Tuesday, Sept. 3.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM A SOUTHERN TURFMAN.

I have made one more attempt for a Permanent Sweepstakes, which I shall inclose (probably) herewith, for your "Turf Register and Sporting Magazine." It is not altogether to my liking, but the more I reflect upon it, the more thoroughly I am convinced that the best interests of the Turf require this change, as a leading step to introduce a better system, and a salutary reform.

Bring gentlemen who are interested in the subject together; and let them be *gentlemen*, not jockies, and they will be certain to adopt beneficial regulations which will advance the respectability of the Turf.

I perceive the "Gold Stakes" at Lexington, has filled with a numerous subscription, though closed so early as May, probably before all the names were stinted. Produce Stakes should always remain open during the year, and if the Association will make this a permanent stake, it will no doubt be well filled each year. A similar stake at the same course for yearlings, to come off 1841, and for foals of this year to be run 1842, would probably fill well, though the entries should not be over $300, and the forfeits half for yearlings, and one-third for this year's foals. Kentucky appears to be taking the head of Tennessee in her racing appointments, though the latter are spirited enough in making engagements. From accounts, there is not at present so well appointed a course in all Tennessee as the little isolated town of Huntsville, in North Ala., has got up, and there are few anywhere in the U. States, to compare with that at Lexington and Louisville. It has been frequently remarked during the last three or four years, that Tennessee, though one of the greatest breeding states in the Union, is extremely supine in providing good places of sport and good purses; and these things are for the most part left to the care and management of the racing people, who it may not be amiss to add, ~~are~~ not, in that state, the most united in feeling. The brilliant sweepstakes and splendid accommodations in Kentucky, cannot fail to attract turfmen from Tennessee, and even Alabama, (from both which there are subscribers to the "Gold Stakes") to the prejudice of Tennessee, which has every advantage of position, soil, and climate over her northern neighbor. All she lacks is the spirit and enterprize to render her the very first racing state in the Union; she abounds in the *materiel*, and of the right sort, that is, good horses and spirited sportsmen, and it will be the fault of her citizens, and a standing reproach to them, if they allow these advantages to be filched from them by the superior tactics of a less favored people.

It is highly gratifying to see the good feeling which everywhere prevails, favorable to racing. Sweepstakes, both large and small, fill well. Jockey club purses are well contested by large fields of good horses, (judging from the time) and the attendance, and the public notices taken of these exhibitions, evince a hearty good feeling towards the cause. Indeed, it is clear that racing must keep pace—must increase *pari passu*, with the increase of blood horses, and these, we all know, are multiplying and filling the whole land.

The vicissitudes of the turf exhibited in the racing of this season, both in England and in America, are worthy of attentive observation; and whilst they teach an instructive lesson to those who have been most successful, not to be too confident in the hour of prosperity, they encourage the unsuccessful to persevere, with a certainty that the tide will turn, and that they will see a better day.

As a medium of communication of all turf transactions, your journal supplies a desideratum which has long been needed, and I am happy to say that it is all that can be desired in that respect. The ample details of all sporting events, both at home and abroad, are full of interest to the breeder, the turfman and the speculator, as well as to the mere amateur and friend of the blood horse.

LETTER FROM A TOURIST.

Trenton Falls (N. Y.), July 10.

It is now a number of years since I visited this lovely and romantic spot, and I am almost as much struck with the variety and grandeur of the scenery as when I first clambered up the rocks, with a fellow student, happy, like myself, to escape the trammels of the University, and worship Nature in "temples not made with hands." I find the improvements quite extensive; the hotel, the stairs, the iron chairs about the rocks, the retreat at the head of one of the Falls, are all in good order. While passing up the ravine this evening, we encountered a storm of thunder and lightning, and were wet to the skin. We had reached that fatal spot where two valuable lives have been lost, when a sharp stroke of lightning nearly blinded, and the quick following peal almost deafened us. We turned about seeking to retrace our steps before the shades of night overtook us, and the rain, which now poured in torrents, should swell the angry waters above the narrow ledges over which we had picked our way. This was rendered still more difficult by trees and rocks fallen across our path, the result of a gale of wind which, three weeks since, vented its fury in the neighborhood of the Falls.

The Retreat is a most convenient locality for the tired clamberer. We found several persons already there, seeking protection from the storm, and an attentive bar-keeper, dealing out his restoratives to ladies and gentlemen with great assiduity.

Among the articles on sale were crystals in countless numbers, found in the rocks, and obtained by blasting. The prices of these varied from a few shillings "per dozen" to a couple of dollars a-piece. Some of these contain drops of water distinctly visible to the eye, and others are of considerable size. It is said that there is a quartz crystal in Milan, belonging now, or recently, to a Signor Raffelli, which is 3¼ feet long, and 5½ in circumference, and weighs 870 lbs. Those containing water are very curious, and mineralogists prize them highly. There is one in the possession of Mr. Jacobson, of Copenhagen, which contains half a cubic inch of fluid, although the whole specimen is but one inch and a quarter long.

It is ascertained, by means of the experiments of the late Sir Humphrey Davy, that the fluid is water, slightly impregnated with salt.

It is singular that the beautiful specimens found in this locality are not put to some use. One crystal brought to an Edinburgh lapidary a few years ago, was converted by him into ornamental stones, which produced him $2000. I am confident that enough of the pure quartz might be obtained at Trenton to furnish all the seals, pebbles for spectacles, and lenses for opticians, which might be wanted for fifty years to come in the "commercial emporium."

On our return to the hotel I was agreeably surprised to find "mine host" a great lover of natural history. He has collected and arranged numerous specimens of the minerals of the place, and is a most determined collector of insects. He has already furnished a distinguished English naturalist with several thousand specimens of butterflies and moths, of which 250 are varieties not yet described. A work is in course of publication at Cambridge, which will contain an account of his collection, and judging from a box filled with recent captures, there will yet be very valuable accessions to American Entomology made by Mr. M. Nor are these his sole accomplishments. A beautiful pencil drawing from his hand, and very tolerable execution upon an organ in his parlor, convinced me that he was a genius. He is a most retiring, modest person, withal, and I hope this allusion to his cleverness will not disturb his quiet.

During the storm, Miss Shirreff and Mr. Wilson, with their travelling party, made their entrée into the house. They are about to give a concert at Utica, which I hear will be well attended.

11th.

Last night the storm raged with increasing violence. The sky was filled with incessant flashes of light, while now and then a concentrated stroke, and the most awful reverberations along the valley, spoke a lesson of humility to frail and feeble man.

During the storm, our host employed himself by mounting to the roof of his house and watching the effect of this war of the elements upon the clouds and scenery around him!

To-day the waters of the creek have risen so much that it is rather dangerous to explore the ravine, and so the visitors are very properly told by the barkeeper.

Our equipage is at the door. We find it impossible to "throw a line," as we intended, and so we are off. Yours.

The "*Kentucky Stock Book.*"—We regret to express a doubt whether this book will ever see the light, though one very much required by the South-western breeders. The last "Franklin Farmer," published at Frankfort, Ky., contains the following paragraph on the subject:—

Kentucky Stock Book.—In answer to numerous inquiries in relation to this work, we can only say that the manuscript of the cattle department is ready to be put into the hands of the printer; that nothing so far as we know, has been done in arranging the matter of the other departments for publication; that Mr. Lewis Sanders, of Grass Hills, Kentucky, has charge of the other departments of the work, to whom communications and inquiries should be addressed; that Mr. Campbell, who contracted with the Shareholders to publish the work, has lately desired an estimate from us of the cost of printing the cattle department, signifying an intention to put that part of the work to press immediately; that for ourselves, we have little expectation the other departments will be shortly completed; that in our opinion, further, the part on cattle ought to be immediately published and be styled "*The American Herd Book*," and be what its style purports; that if after a further reasonable delay the Company do not print that part of their work, we will immediately publish one of similar design; and lastly, that when we know more on the subject we will advise our readers.

MARRIAGE AT SEA.

A correspondent of the New England Review thus describes a sudden surprise which occurred to the passengers on board a vessel bound from this country to Europe. It was Sunday, and an impromptu pulpit had been erected on board, and a sermon delivered. The happy couple had never met until they met on board the vessel. At the conclusion of the sermon, our minister rose and read the following card, which lay on his desk:

'Wm. Bentley H——, Esq., of New York, intends marriage with Miss Maria Louisa J——.' We were more surprised at the novelty of the thing than at the fact itself, and, indeed, such was the feeling created by the sudden and unexpected announcement, that we all forgot the serious impressions made on our minds by the minister, in our hearty and vociferous congratulations of the happy pair. But it did not end here. A proposition was made to the parties to have the affair consummated that evening, which was cheerfully acceded to by them, to the great pleasure of all on board. Accordingly things were arranged to order, the best state room was to be given up to them, and every one felt gay and happy as the hour approached which should witness the consummation of their nuptial vows. The evening was calm and delightful; not a sail fluttered in the breeze; not a voice was heard, not the least stir or bustle about the deck, and the moon looked down in loveliness on that tranquil scene.

As at noon, every soul on board gathered to the temple, which had been erected for religious worship, and in less than fifteen minutes the marriage ceremony was performed by our worthy minister, who made a few remarks and closed with prayer.

The scene was truly as sublime as romantic.—The fair bride came out, dressed in a robe of pure white satin, leaning on the arm of her lover, bound to the altar, and heard her marriage vow pronounced where only an hour or two before she had uttered her vows to God. Many a tear of joy stole down the cheeks of those who looked on, and not a care cast a shadow of his wing across that scene of triumphant love and bliss.

A Journeyman Printer.—Much has been said and sung about the characteristics of "tramping Journeymen Printers," and the extraordinary vicissitudes which mark the progress of that most intelligent, though thriftless, race of mortals; but we believe the following extract of a letter, received from an old acquaintance of one of the editors of the Courier, indicates a *versality* of accomplishments rarely equalled in these days.

"———— 24th June, 1839.

"Look at the signature of this, and you will remember the person who addresses you. I met your brother, who is settled here, about half an hour ago, and was informed by him that —— ——— will start to your place in half an hour. I have, of course, not time to say much. I am here by *chance*—met your brother by *chance*—and had a host of reminescences awakened in my mind in a moment. Since I saw you last, I have experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune; at one moment a *Colonel* of Texan cavalry, the next a *prisoner* among the Comanches; at another *lieutenant* aboard a Texan sloop of war. The next a *prisoner* among the Mexicans of Matamoras; *finally*, a typo in ———, *under the weather!* Can I serve *you* at Terre-Haute, or can *you* serve *me?* If you have forgotten my qualifications, here they are:—A practical printer—an experienced stenographer—a good English writer—a perfect French scholar, vocalist, and player on the Spanish guitar. If I can be of no use to *you*, write and say whether I can get a *school* in your neighborhood."

When we last saw the writer of the above, in 1834, he was acting in the capacity of a Reporter in Congress; and the next time we heard of him was through an *obituary notice* in a New Orleans paper, detailing the circumstances of his sudden *death!* Our readers may therefore imagine our surprise on receiving the *post mortem* evidence of remembrance from a gentleman whom the newspapers, 10 or 12 months since, had consigned to mother earth!

Terre Haute (Indiana) Courier.

The truly great and distinguished man, Mr. George Stephenson, civil engineer, of this town, stated publicly at the recent opening of the York and North Midland Railway, with the truth and simplicity which mark his character, that he commenced his career in life as a plough-boy, and that he was sent out by his parents to labour when he was only eight years of age. Newcastle Journal.

The New Great Seal.—A beautiful engraving of the Great Seal, as lately executed by Mr. Wyon, has just been put forth. The obverse gives the Queen seated on the Throne, while Faith and Justice are placed on each side of the steps. A figure of her Majesty occupies the reverse of the seal. Her Majesty is on horseback, wearing her diamond diadem, and carrying the sceptre in her right hand. A young page leads the horse.

Accomplished Bird.—There is now in the possession of Mr. C. W. Cooper, hatter, &c., Sheffield Moor, a starling of rare faculty. It can articulate with the utmost distinctness and with surprising emphasis, as follows:—"Silence, ladies and gentlemen; now, George, my lad, I am going to whistle 'Jockey to the fair.'" And the bird does keep his promise, for he pipes "Jockey to the fair," in a style calculated to amaze his audience. He follows up his air by the exclamation, in a clear and distinct voice, "That's the way to do it; an't I a good whistler, Sir?" The individual who taught this extraordinary bird, used only his natural voice in learning him to speak, and used no musical instrument to teach him to pipe.

Derbyshire Courier.

The Squirrel.—A rare, if not an unexampled, anecdote of this beautiful denizen of the woods, recently occurred in this neighborhood. A young man, being in one of the Mellerstrain plantations, observing a squirrel leave its nest, ascended the tree and took out three young ones. Understanding that the creature is so sensitive as never to retake possession of a nest once polluted by the touch of an invading foe, he, feeble and helpless as they were, bore them off to his mother's dwelling. There a cat had recently produced kittens, and, as a desperate resource, these were removed, and the squirrels introduced in their stead. Grimalkin and the strangers taking kindly to each other, and she nourishing them as her own offspring, the kittens were drowned, and the squirrels successfully reared. When old enough to be fed upon nuts, they were placed in a cage, which is hourly visited by their foster-mother, who purs and rubs herself against the bars, until the door is opened, when out they leap and sport themselves around her with all the gambols of affection peculiar to their frolicsome race.

Kelso Chronicle.

A Soldier's Argument.—"The paymaster of a regiment," says the *Gazette de France*, "quartered in the south of France, having deposited a sum of 10,000 francs in the hands of a banker, suddenly learned, a few days since, that he had declared himself a bankrupt. The paymaster immediately went to his debtor's house, and demanded his money. The unfortunate banker replied that he had delivered in his balance-sheet, and consequently it was too late. The officer, upon this, drew out a pair of pistols, and said, 'The 10,000 francs you owe me belong to the regiment; if they are not forthcoming I am disgraced and ruined; therefore you must either give me the money, or I will blow out your brains, and then shoot myself.' This mode of settling accounts defeated all the calculations of the banker, who took out his pocket-book and gave him the sum demanded.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting, over the *Washington Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 1st day of October, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; to name and close 1st Sept.; three or more to make a race.

Same day—Purse $200, Two mile heats, free for all ages.

Second day—A Produce Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. W. Duvall names produce of Thistle and Mons. Tonson.
2. Wm. D. Bowie names produce of Blue Bell and Imp. Apparition
3. C. S. W. Dorsey names produce of a Young Oscar mare and Critic
4. Thos. F. Bowie names produce of Abby Rattler and Imp. Autocrat
5. Geo. S. Sprigg names produce of Nancy Norwood and Imp. Autocrat
6. D. Crawford names produce of a Zinganee mare and Marylander
7. Y. N. Oliver names produce of a Mark Anthony mare and Duke of Orleans
8. W. W. W. Bowie names produce of Lady Amelia and Imp. Autocrat
9. Wm. N. Dorsett names produce of Fanny Wright and Imp. Autocrat
10. John H. S. Sothoron names produce of Maid of Patuxent and Imp. Autocrat
11. T. R. S. Boyce names produce of Apricot and Imp. Apparition.
12. Roderick McGregor names produce of Ellen and Imp. Autocrat

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $400, Three mile heats, free for all ages.

Third day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats, free for all ages.

Fourth day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free for all ages, ent. $25, to be added to the Purse. Entrance 5 per cent. All the above purses will be paid without discount.

EDW. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

N.B. Persons wishing to make entries to the above sweepstakes, will please address the Proprietor at Portsmouth, Va., or Wm. Holmead, at the course. [aug 3]

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting, over the *Norfolk Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 17th Sept., and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Sept.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $50, with an inside stake of $1000 each, P.P. Now three entries, and closed, to wit:

Wm. R. Johnson.	O. P. Hare.	Edw. J. Wilson.

Fourth day—A Citizens' Purse $100, Three mile heats, free for all ages.

The above purses payable without discount.

[aug 3] EDW. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughout the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.

Second day—Four mile heats.

Third day—Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.

Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner.

JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

NORTH CAROLINA FALL RACES.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to come off over the *State Course*, near Raleigh, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.:—

Sweepstakes for 4 yr. old colts and fillies, two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct., 1839.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit, two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Spring Meeting, 1841.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to run at the Spring Meeting of 1841, and close 1st Nov., 1839. Now 6 subs.

Col. Geo. W. Polk.	J. C. Rogers.	Wm. McCargo.
Col. N. T. Green.	David McDaniel.	Col. W. Hampton.

A Produce Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to be run at the Spring Meeting of 1843, and to name and close the 1st day of January, 1840. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Col. Jno. M. Bryan.	David McDaniel.	John White.
J. C. Rogers.	Col Wm. McCargo.	P. A. Prindle.

Address (post paid)

WM. HOLLEMAN,

[jy 27-3t] *Secretary*, Raleigh, N. C.

FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRING RACES.

THE Fall Meeting over the *Victoria Course* will take place on Tuesday, 3d September, within half a mile of the Springs.

First day—Purse $150, ent. $10, Mile heats.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, sub. $100 each, half forfeit; to name and close the evening preceding the first day's race.

Second day—Purse $250, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—A Post Stake for 4 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., to name and close the evening of the fourth day's race.

The above purses will be put up in cash at the stand by the Fauquier White Sulphur Spring Company.

SAMUEL SHELTON.
ARTHUR M. PAYNE.

N.B. Good stables and litter furnished gratis. Newmarket Rules to govern. [jy 27]

SWEEPSTAKES, CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over this course during the Fall Meeting of 1839:—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft., Two mile heats; four or more to make a race; now four subs.; to close the 1st Sept.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200, h. ft., three or more to make a race; free only for 3 yr. olds that never won a race. To close the 1st Sept. Now three subscribers.

Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds Fall Meeting, 1839, Four mile heats, sub. $500 each, h.ft.; tthree or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct. Now two subs.

Inside Stake, free for all ages Fall Meeting, 1839, on the day of the Jockey Club Purse (and for the Jockey Club Purse), Four mile heats; to name at the Post, sub. $2000 each, P.P.; three or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. Now two subs.

July 19th, 1839.—[jy 20] WM. N. FRIEND, *Proprietor.*

ST. LOUIS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the *St. Louis Course*, will commence on Monday, 14th October next, and continue six days.

First day—A Match between Messrs. Lane & Shacklett's *Bonny Black*, and Messrs. Uzzell & Bissell's *Molly Long*, for $500. Two miles.

Same day—A mule race, to come off immediately after the match, Two mile heats; purse $50, ent. $20, to be added to the purse. No distance in this race.

Second day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Now two subs.

Third day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Now three subs. The two preceding sweepstakes to name and close by the 1st August next

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

The entrance required for the above purses, is ten per cent. on the amount of the respective purses.

Sixth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, for the *St. Louis Plate*, valued at $200. The entrance to depend on the number of entries made.

☞ The above races are free for any horse, mare, or gelding.

☞ All persons wishing to enter into the above sweepstakes, will direct to the proprietor, at this place, and at the same time remit a forfeit note, which letter must be mailed on or before the time the stakes close.

☞ Several improvements have been made on the course since the Spring Meeting; among which is one that will add greatly to the safety of running, by an entire enclosure for the inside circle. Stables will be furnished on application.

BENJAMIN AMES, *Secretary* and *Proprietor.*

N. B. There is a trainer of respectable character located on the track, who will undertake the training of horses for gentlemen, on moderate terms, and give the most unquestionable guarantee in regard to capability and probity of character.

☞ Heretofore, *two* courses have been in operation near this city, and the subscriber deems it imperative to state that, as far as the St. Louis Course has been concerned, the purses have been promptly paid. [jy 29] B. AMES.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantinelli*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs., Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee. BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, R. K. Polk, Jas. W. Camp,
T. Watson, Samuel Ragland, E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis, George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland, William H. Polk, by } E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson, Lucius J. Polk, } James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie, R. K. Polk, Hickman Lewis.
L. P. Cheatham,

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver, | Duncan F. Kenner, | George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier, | W. J. Minor, | A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor, | Fergus Duplantier, | T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver, | G. N. Sanders, | A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

KENDALL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

THE Races over this course will take place on Monday, the 7th October, and continue six days. From the great encouragement met with the last season, the Proprietor will offer increased inducements to visit the Kendall Course. The purses will be augmented, both in number and amount. The particulars in due time. The following sweepstakes are now open to be run over this course:—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to run Fall Meeting of 1839, sub. $500 each, $200 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, to wit: Wm. R. Johnson.

Sweepstakes as above, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now two subscribers, to wit:

Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never started in a public race, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now two subscribers, to wit:

Wm. R. Johnson, David McDaniel.

And to cap the climax, we have the Pete Whetstone Stakes, now opened and written by his own hand, to wit:—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838; to run Spring of 1841, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft. To name and close 1st January, 1840. Now six subscribers, and fifty more expected. The present subscribers are:—

1. C. F. M. Noland names f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edward H. Pentleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips.
3. Jas. B. Kendall.
4. Francis Thompson.
5. Wm. T. Mason names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel.

Breeders and racers desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, will address the subscriber, at Baltimore. JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor*.

June 17, 1839.—[June 22]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of thei colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y*.

1eJun

J. CONROY'S
FISHING TACKLE STORE,

No. 52 Fulton, (corner of Cliff Street,) New York. [22,tf.]

AMERICAN
Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.
EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,
And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,
FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."
Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collincomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Semex; Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus; Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N." of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 22, 1839.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

THE following important articles and compilations have been published in the present volume of this paper, commencing on March 9th, 1839.

Pedigree and Performances of Black Maria.
Pedigree and Performances of John Bascombe.
Review of the New York Stage.
ALPHAABETICAL LIST OF AMERICAN WINNING HORSES at 1m., 2m., 3m., and 4m. heats, for the year 1838.
COMPLETE LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1839.
Memoir of Augusta, with a complete sketch of her theatrical career.
ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH WINNING HORSES for 1838, at all distances.

The following COSTLY ENGRAVINGS have also been given in the present volume:—

Portrait of Madlle. AUGUSTA as The Sylphide.
" BLACK MARIA, owned by Hon. BALIE PEYTON of New Orleans.
" JOHN BASCOMBE, " Col. JOHN CROWELL of Alabama

These will be followed by equally FINE ENGRAVINGS of LEVIATHAN, SHARK, MONARCH, WAGNER, MINGO, &c.

The Series, when complete, will form a SPORTING GALLERY worth of itself more than the price of subscription. [j22.]

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB.

THE FALL MEETING OF 1839 will commence on Tuesday, 10th September, and continue five days.

First day—Ohio Stallion Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.: four or more to make a race; a splendid Silver Pitcher, of the value of $100, to be added by the Proprietor; second best to get back his stake; to name and close by the 15th Aug.

To this race six subscribers are expected.

Same day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, for three year olds, free only for those bred in the State of Ohio, and Campbell County, Kentucky; Mile heats.

Second day—The Breeders' Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, a Beautiful Tea Sett (Silver), the amount of entrance to be governed by the number. To this plate the proprietor makes an entry.

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, the entry to be made at 4 o'clock the day previous to the Race, to name at the Judges' Stand, previous to the hour of starting.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $120 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $480.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $200 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $800.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $400 in Gold. Mile heats.

If three or more start the second best to receive $100 out of this purse. If not three, the winner to receive $300 in gold.

20th June, 1839.—[Jy 6] LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street [A6]

CINCINNATI FALL MEETING.

AN EXTRA PURSE OFFERED—$500 IN AMERICAN GOLD.—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run for over the Cincinnati Course, on Monday, the 9th Sept., Two mile heats; subscription $100 each, h. ft. Ten or more to make a race. Each subscriber to pay $25 to the Proprietor in aid of the purse, which is to be $500 in American Gold, hung up at the Judges' Stand.

If three start the second best to receive $200 out of the stake; if four or more start, the third best to receive $100 out of the stake; the balance of the stake and the Purse goes to the winner. To name and close on or before the 15th Aug. In naming, the subscriber will forward the same to Lewis Sanders, Recording Secretary, Cincinnati, dated on the letter where it is mailed previous to 15th Aug. LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

June 24, 1839.—[Jy 6]

SYMMES* STAKES.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Symmes Stake" on the first day of the Fall Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842, Two mile heats, for colts and fillies to be 3 years old the respective dates. $300 ent., $100 forfeit, to name and close the 1st day of April in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.

June, 1839.—[Jy 6-6t]

* Col. J. C. Symmes, who settled the Cincinnati district.

BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

THE well known race mare *Frolic*; got by Am. Eclipse, out of the celebrated race mare Betsey Ransom, by Virginian, with a yearling filly foal at her side, by the Imp. horse Trustee, to which horse the mare is also stinted. The mare is a large sized roomy mare for breeding, and the foal is one of great promise; the owner is induced to part with them only on account of having sold his farm.

They can be had, if applied for immediately, at the low price of $500 together.

For further particulars apply to GEO. W. MILLER, New York Tattersall's, or to the Editor of this paper. [July 6-5t]

WANTED,

A SITUATION as trainer and rider by a young man, aged 26 years, who can ride 104lbs. He is in possession of the best credentials as respects his character and ability, from many of the most distinguished gentlemen in England. A note left at the Office of this Paper, addressed to Martin Lawler, stating where an interview may be had, will meet with immediate attention, or enquiry may be made there for further particulars. [my4-tf]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe |

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford |

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton |

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J. C.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp. Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times." [jy13]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union.[d17

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only prepared to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above-named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hert, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Grandeurand & Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 26*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, August 3—Will be presented the original Drama of THE MAID OF ORLEANS, written by Mr. Wheatley.
MONDAY, Aug. 5—Madame TAGLIONI'S Benefit; 1st Act of LA BAYADERE—2d Act of LA SYLPHIDE, and other entertainments.
TUESDAY, Aug. 6—First appearance of Mr. LOVE, the Polyphonist.
WEDNESDAY, Aug. 7—Mrs. RICHARDSON'S Benefit.
THURSDAY, Aug. 8—Second appearance of Mr. LOVE.
FRIDAY, Aug. 9—Mr. SIMPSON'S Benefit.

Things Theatrical.

If there be in these times one thing more difficult to accomplish than any other, it is to induce a man to go to a theatre. We have been successfully tempted by the **Taglionis**; we know of no other man who has ventured to expose himself to so high a temperature as he is sure to encounter at such places of resort. The Taglionis have appeared three or four times the past week in the ballet of "Undine, or the Nayade,"—so the papers inform us; we have seen it but once. It is very prettily conceived and executed,—all the accessories of music and scenery are happy, decidedly. But notwithstanding the attraction of the music and dancing, and the graceful groups continually formed upon the stage, our thoughts were rather occupied with keeping cool than any thing else—devising some way to get into the precise spot in the door-way through which any indication of a "thorough draft" might be suspected; and having attained that point, the next was to watch the weltering spectators about the house. There would be perhaps two or three on a seat, but they yet appeared crowded excessively. Nay, where a single pale, thin gentleman would be sitting, monopolising an entire seat, you could see him casting his eyes deliberately, but imploringly, from right to left, as if to entreat his neighbor in the next box "not to crowd so, it is so hot." To ask by dint of *speaking*, would have been too overpowering an effort. If the reader would know any better reason for the meagreness of our theatrical notices, he must devise one for himself.

From time to time we hear of our theatrical favorites in the West, but at the South nothing at all is doing. **Balls** was playing three weeks since at Auburn, in our own State, where his success was decided.

Marble has recently taken a "complimentary benefit" at Buffalo, nothing but some such grand occasion being sufficient to attract a house, in consequence of which the theatre had previously closed for a few nights.

The Detroit theatre had been closed at last accounts from a different cause—the sudden death of Mr. **McClure**, the actor of old men, well known in the Western circuit, and more recently at Charleston, S. C. He died of pleurisy. Several of his brother actors, among whom were C. **Mason**, **Balls**, **Williams**, and others, with many citizens of Detroit, followed him to the grave. He was esteemed a worthy man by all who knew him; he left a widow and three children. There was a circumstance connected with his funeral which, to our minds, is extremely revolting, if we have been accurately informed on the subject. *The Rev. Mr. Fitch*, an Episcopalian clergyman, refused to attend his funeral, assigning for his reason that the man was an actor! In a land which abounds in Christian charity, an action so intolerant and inhuman appears utterly despicable. We can scarcely credit it, but our informant is a very respectable man, and writes us distinctly and positively on the subject.

Love, the Polyphonist, who makes his first appearance at the Park, on Tuesday evening, has recently concluded profitable engagements at the theatres of Richmond, Charleston, Augusta, Mobile, St. Louis, Louisville, the St. Charles, New Orleans, &c. The whole of the journals are lavish in their encomiums on his performances. The Louisville Gazette alluding to the termination of his engagement with Mrs. A. Drake says—

"Love, the Polyphonist, has not only delighted but astonished us by his exquisite performances. Our play-going friends are aware that we do not exaggerate when we say he is the best ventriloquist now on any stage in any country:—we who have heard Fitzjames, Alexandre, and others, can with sincerity vouch for this. From what we call to mind of the elder Mathews and his stage coach adventures, we are inclined to give the preference to Love's exceedingly clever colloquies and imitations. The rapidity in his change of dress, personal appearance, and features to suit each personage introduced, the adaptation of voice, and the identity of character are all inimitable. The portraits of Mr. Aspen, the hypochondriac; of Sparkle, the fop, of Ironhead, the antiquary, and last of all, of Miss Matilda Mildew, the fair, fat, and forty spinster, are too exquisite to attempt description. It is absolutely a cure for all the blue devils in the world.

"Mr. Love's astounding powers of ventriloquism are advantageously displayed in his extravaganza of 'Love's Labor Lost,' in which he holds discourse not only with apparently a host of men and boys, but has to contend with a legion of animals of all descriptions.

"It is not once in a quarter of a century, that among the numerous inferior and unsubstantial pretenders to these qualifications that almost daily cross our path, we meet with a genius possessed of such rare gifts of natural and acquired talent, and such consummate tact in displaying them. After a few years shall have passed away, those who have seen him perform, like those who once witnessed the inimitable eccentricities of Foote, Jack Bannister, Stevens, and old Charles Mathews, will have something to tell of to the family circle assembled round the winter hearth, which will astonish and delight many an eager auditor. In fact it will be considered that one might as well have been out of the world, as not to have witnessed the effects of "Love in all Shapes."

We have heard several anecdotes illustrative of Love's peculiar vocal powers, which are not bad in the way of practical jokes. The following is pretty good:

At the age of fifteen he was removed from Wimbledon, and went to visit a relative in Dorsetshire. On the journey his vocal organs, which were seldom at rest, were put in motion at the expense of the guard of the mail-coach, the driver thereof, and several of the passengers. The vehicle having quitted Salisbury, Mr. Love, finding his fellow-travellers particularly taciturn and unsociable, resigned his inside seat, and mounted the box by the side of the coachman, on pretence of viewing the surrounding scenery, leaving a deaf old gentleman and his "better half" in possession of the interior of the coach. They had not proceeded far, when a voice, apparently from within, exclaimed, "Stop the coach—stop the coach—I'm taken very unwell—for mercy's sake, stop the coach!" &c. &c.

The horses were pulled up—the guard was on the ground, and the door of the carriage open in less than a second.

"What's wanted, sir?" says the guard, touching his hat.

"Eh! what, what!" says the deaf old gentleman, placing his acoustic trumpet to his ear.

"Are you ill, sir?" inquired his interlocutor.

"Oh! we're at Ilchester, are we? then d'ye hear, take my luggage to the King's Arms;—you'll find a portmanteau, two band-boxes, a carpet-bag, and——"

"I thought," says the guard, straining his voice to the highest pitch,—his vehemence imparting to his face the scarlet hue of his coat,—"I thought you said, 'Stop the coach.'"

"On the *top* of the coach!—Psha, nonsense!—it's in the front boot! you put it there yourself before we started. I declare these blockheads are as stupid as——"

"You mistake altogether, sir; I——"

"*Must you take it altogether?*—certainly! You wouldn't leave anything behind, would you?—Zounds! fellow, if you are not able to carry it yourself, get a porter to help you, and——"

The guard, whose stock of patience had by this time completely evaporated, slammed the coach door in the traveller's face; and cursing him for an antiquated old fool, mounted his seat, and left the lady to explain the matter to her bewildered spouse in the best manner she could.

In a few minutes the voice inside was repeated, exclaiming in still more dolorous accents than before—"Coachman, stop—oh! I'm dying!"

"Just hold the reins a bit, sir," says the coachman:—"there he goes again—blow me if he isn't as mad as a March hare. It's a mortal shame to let such characters loose without somebody to take proper care on 'em:—isn't it, sir?"

Our hero having acquiesced in coachee's opinion as to the enormity of the neglect, Jehu jumped off the box, and on opening the door was more than a little astounded to find the old gentleman and his rib enjoying a comfortable sleep. The man of the whip believing, however, that his passenger was quizzing him, cut short his dreams by slapping him smartly on the shoulder.

"Come, I say, old gem'man, this is vot I calls carrying the joke rather too far; vy, ve shall be an hour behind time;—you know you are no more asleep than I am."—(*Another electrifying slap on the shoulder.*)

The unhappy old gentleman, awaking in a fright, and rubbing his aching limb, exclaimed, with a face of rueful length—

"Eh, what's that?—Well, coachman, what in the d——l's name do *you* want?—I declare these fellows are all drunk as——"

"If anybody's drunk, it's yourself," says coachee, "for I'll swear you called out this wery moment, 'Stop the coach.'" The outside passengers being appealed to, distinctly corroborated the coachman's assertion, and whispered their belief that the unfortunate old gentleman was, assuredly, *non compus*; while he, on his part, returned the compliment, by declaring that coachman, guard, and passengers, were one and all in a shameful state of intoxication.

A MAGICIAN PUT TO FLIGHT.

At St. Louis last autumn, I witnessed the following amusing scene. A conjurer, who called himself *Monsieur Robert*, after going through the usual feats of sleight of hand, such as burning a card, loading a pistol with the ashes, and firing it against the wall, when the identical card that had been burnt was found sticking there unharmed—breaking watches into a thousand pieces, mixing together the fragments, and after certain magical words, restoring them to their owner just as he had received them, with various other exhibitions of a like character, exposing the absurdity of the old adage, "that seeing is believing," informed the spectators that he was now about to proceed to his "grande exploit—vera wonderful—I no deceive you. One gentilhomme may shoot de pistol, and I will catch de ball on de point of mon épée—my sword." At the word a decent looking man in the crowd called out to him to be on his guard. "Je suis près, take de bon aim, for I may miss de ball." The pistol was fired, and Monsieur Robert held up, with a look of triumph, his sword, with the bullet fixed firmly on the point. The applause that followed had just subsided, when two pistols were fired in quick succession from opposite directions. In a moment he was seen playing with a ball in each hand. "Ce n'est pas bien to fire wisout de notice; but you see, n'importe, un autre homme might have be killed. It is my skill; je suis bien adroit." Scarcely were the words pronounced, when a voice in front called out, "Monsieur le Diable, now be on your guard." Monsieur Robert saw the pistol levelled at him, but there was no time for exclamation. The report is accompanied by a crash that tells that the ball has entered the planks just by the side of his head. "For God's sake, gentilhommes, dis is no joke." "Here is another—you may have better luck at catching this time." The report and crash followed as before. The magician could stand it no longer. Uttering screams of terror, in which English and French were ludicrously blended, he made his escape at a side door, amid the laughter and shouts of the company. They waited for some time—no Monsieur Robert appeared; a commotion began, when a little shrivelled Frenchman came forward—"Monsieur Robert say dat de performances for dis evening are over—he hope to see you all on de lendemain—de to-morrow." The confusion increased, benches were demolished—lights extinguished—ladies shrieked, &c. &c., but no Monsieur Robert was forthcoming, and on de lendemain he was quietly smoking his cigar on the deck of the Gov. Pike, and internally resolving never again to catch a bullet on the point of a sword on the banks of the Mississippi.

July, 1839. ††.

THE LONDON STAGE TWENTY YEARS AGO.—No. 7.

Conway.—Miss O'Neill.

(Written for the Spirit of the Times.)

Conway was a good actor but not a great one. He had the advantage of an excellent education, a tall person, handsome and expressive features, together with a well-modulated voice and graceful deportment. He appeared at Covent Garden nearly simultaneous with Miss **O'Neill**, and shared the *Lover* parts with **Charles Kemble**, occasionally playing Coriolanus and Henry the Fifth. Miss O'Neill seemed to act with more ease with him than with Charles Kemble, and did all she could to bring her countryman before the public. His Romeo and Jaffier were extremely elegant performances, nor was he deficient in fire when representing Marc Antony. On the same boards with **Young** and **Macready** he could not make much progress, and the production of the *Shiel* tragedies, noticed in the last paper, placed him upon the shelf.

Conway was a man of deep sensibility; a two-fold passion curdled in his veins—Ambition and Love. To attain the highest pinnacle of histrionic fame was, with him, a constant and unremitting aspiration, but the great barriers of talent erected and supported by public favor interposed, and kept him idle in the arena like the *Fainéant* at *Ashby de la Zouche.* He retired from Covent Garden, carrying with him a heart saturated with all the bitterness of disappointed expectation and unrequited passion. He loved Miss O'Neill, deeply, fondly, extravagantly loved her, and unhappily for him, in the confidence of his person and manners, he mistook compatriot esteem for a response to the wild and agonising emotions which shook his mind to the very centre. He visited the Provinces and performed there for some time, but London contained the loadstone of his affections, and rather than remain absent from it he accepted the situation of prompter at one of the Minor theatres, with a starving salary. At length, wearied by care, attenuated by grief, emaciated, wan, and heart-crushed, a withered creature, desolate and despairing, he wrenched himself from the white cliffs of Albion and sought *these* shores—a solitary stranger. In that inherent hospitality which is the recorded characteristic of America, he found a blithesome home, a refuge for his sorrows, a spot to pause and draw breath after the persecutions of misfortune. He made his *debut* at the Park theatre, and was received with honorable and gratifying applause, promising a valuable harvest of fame and fortune. This revived poor Conway's spirits; it was not the dollars that came showering upon him at the conclusion of his first engagement, it was not the protracted cheers that nightly greeted his efforts, it was something less substantial, a phantasmal, unreal vision, that he might return to England, and with a laurel'd brow and well-lined purse, prostrate himself at the feet of her he loved. His health improved, his energies increased, the gloom of the past was fading; upon the bark of his destiny sailed he forward, whilst on the prow sat the bright-blooming cherub *Hope*, pointing out the shoals and breakers of life, and teaching the gallant steersman how he might avoid the quicksands of despair.

On the arrival of each packet from England, Conway procured the latest paper, his anxious eye darted at once on the Theatrical Intelligence, and when he read—*the part of Bianca—or Belvidera—or Florinda, by Miss O'Neill*, a flush of joy o'erspread his countenance, he was satisfied and happy. She was still Miss O'Neill—his hopes were not extinguished.

One fatal morning—fatal to him—he sought her name in the usual place, it was not there, perhaps she was playing in the Provinces—with lynx-eyed dexterity he examined every page, and came at length to the sickening announcement that she who possessed his heart—his soul—had become the wife of Mr. **William Wrixon Beecher**. Aghast, as if an ice-bolt had sped through his frame, he stood motionless, a frigid apathy gave way to feverish excitement, his brain was on fire, revulsion upon revulsion followed, gaunt, harrowing melancholy fastened upon his mind, and left him a living prey to the corroding element. He felt not with the poet, that

"Love ne'er should die;
'Tis the soul's cordial; 'tis the fount of life!
One object lost, another should succeed,
And all our life be love!"

there was a fearful chasm which no consolation could replenish, a dismal hiatus, void and desolate as the blasted glen. Conway staggered to his joyless home, destroyed all his theatrical books, and determined from that moment on the study of Theology. Would to Heaven that every one in whose breast rankle the shafts of anguish, or whose brow is encircled with the thorny wreath of disappointed hope, might follow his example! Then should we see less to pity, less to despise, and fewer of those spectral, crapulous beings, who crawl or totter through life's porch and reel into eternity. The man who has not the courage to breast calamity, and seeks oblivion in the ocean-surge of drunkenness is irredeemably lost; he may as well look for comfort and relief in the murky streams of Acheron or Cocytus.

Conway pursued steadily the bent of his resolve, and was rapidly acquiring a proficiency in the themes of sacred lore. He deemed it requisite to visit the Southern Colleges, and embarked on board a vessel bound for Charleston. Away from the common haunts of man, his thoughts soared loftily; he watched the golden glories of the rising sun—scanned the broad horizon where sky and water seemed to meet—gazed with proud ecstacy upon the star-studded firmament, and whilst he saw not the world of cities, camps, and cloisters, he moved along in calm serenity. But when the land-bird hovered around the bark, and shortly after, the shore became visible, his agitation revived with increased vigor; he paced the deck hurriedly—muttered exclamations of violence—rushed to the bows, and before restraint could interpose, he had plunged into the waves, and the briny death was gurgling in his throat.

Was the fair O'Neill worthy of the sacrifice? Yes, indeed! Constituted a theme of admiration by all classes, she stood aloof in dignity, in talent, in beauty, and in virtue—a magnet and a shrine. She surpassed every one that has appeared since Mrs. **Siddons**; she was exactly midway between her and **Fanny Kemble**; she had not the regal bearing and full-toned voice of the former, nor the unpleasant *mannerism* and the strained enunciation of the latter. She made her London *debut* in Juliet, and was immediately enthroned as the successor of the great Tragic Queen. She proceeded in the usual *routine* of characters, viz., Belvidera, Isabella, Mrs. Beverley, Mrs. Haller, in all of which she gained fresh honors. In the tragedies of "The Apostate," "Bellamira," and "Evadne," she followed the example of Macready, and not having the disadvantage of comparison with other actresses in those parts, she brought her own powerful imagination into play, and carried the public by storm. The enthusiasm to witness these extraordinary representations where author and actors moved by one impulse, equalled that which was displayed in the brightest days of the Kembles. Of the talented four, viz., O'Neill, C. Kemble, Young, and Macready, the latter only remains to the stage, and these celebrated tragedies have never been revived, owing to the impossibility of concentrating sufficient strength.

When Miss O'Neill had retired, the tragic business was supported by Mrs. **Faucit** and Miss **Lacy** (afterwards Mrs. Lovell) until Fanny Kemble broke loose and astonished the world. Her career in London was very short, fortunately for her, and unfortunately for the admirers of the drama, who can hardly be satisfied with either Miss Faucit or Mrs. Warner. If Miss **Clifton** had persuaded herself that play-goers think more of the beauty of the *mind* than of the *face* and *form*, there might have been hopes, but I fear it is too late now. I saw *her* at Drury Lane theatre about six years ago in Imogene; it was really a good performance, and met with loud and continued applause. I saw her last season at the Park. I wish I could say she had improved—but she is too beautiful to be scolded, and has, moreover, thousands of admirers on both sides of the Atlantic.

L.

THEATRICAL EPISTLE FROM "NOBODY."

——— July 25th, 1839.

To the Editor,—In high dudgeon at the intrusion of "Regattas" upon that page of the "Spirit" to which I always look first, I have resolved to inflict on you a sufficient penance for your sins, in form of a letter, and should said letter happen to *grow* very long, and on its arrival at your head-quarters, find you tempted by the heat to set forth in search of that wondrous herb which whilom transformed a shepherd into a river-god, I think, *with the aid of a good telescope*, I shall be able to hear you cry "mea culpa, mea culpa!" You see I take it for granted that you continue to read, although dog days are so near at hand. As to the regattas, I don't care a *sous* about them, but I think it downright wicked in you to thrust them upon the theatrical side. 'Tis quite enough to hurt the Drama's feelings, to make her last and least, without knocking out her brains with oars and boat-hooks. Can't you allow her an absolute monarchy over one page?

Is it not astonishing that a theatre is at last commenced at Norfolk? Mr. **Jones** has certainly shewn himself possessed of considerable Yankee "*spunk*" (I dare say you can translate that word) in going ahead with the Virginia theatres. I wonder if his energies would be equal to the task of resuscitating the Drama in Washington. I would not advise him to undertake it until he has made a fortune elsewhere; but I really wish some one would take the National there, who could afford to give his company new doublets and hose now and then, add a new parlor and kitchen to the scenery; (the kitchen to be garnished for variety, with dried apples, instead of onions,) and stipulate with the scene shifter, that said string of onions or dried apples, should not meet the new brick building over half way more than once in a season. I would also suggest that no Roman decemvir be allowed to clear the way to the forum by aiding in the removal of the obstinate half of any dwelling in Rome. A person of an *economical* turn should be chosen to make blue and yellow flames, for an over liberality in the material places the audience in dread of suffocation, and the skirts of his coat should be hooked and eyed somewhere to the scenery, to prevent the *debut* of his candlestick and himself upon the stage. Furthermore, if the manager *will* have a company the majority of whom are "past hope," let him change them twice a season—there is some spice in variety. And after these amendments it is doubtful whether the manager would do more than pay his expenses.

Mr. Jones, in defence of the character of the Drama, cites the attendance of Gen. Washington and Judge Marshall, at theatres. He might have advanced many more examples—I will aid him with one—the illustrious divine Dr. **Paley**, who was very fond of a fine dramatic performance. But a defence of the character of the Drama cannot be deemed a defence of theatres as they are. I doubt whether either of the great men above named, would have patronised the exhibitions of "Jim Crow" and other similar modern *improvements*.

There are many strictly religious persons who have an admiration and respect for the Drama, as a source of intellectual recreation, and improvement, but whose consciences will not allow them to countenance the too frequent abuses in our theatres, on the stage, and among the audience. I recollect at Mrs. **Sharpe**'s benefit in Washington, the performances were several times interrupted by what *par complaisance* may be termed *high words*, and towards the close of the evening, a *melée* by way of *finale*, effectually converted the remainder of the scene into pantomime, to the evident disgust of the talented and ladylike actress, and of the majority of a large and select audience. Now what can people of tender consciences or delicate nerves do, but stay at home, and deny themselves recreation, which they allow might and should be a source of intellectual gratification, and public improvement, but in the enjoyment of which, they are liable to witness scenes from the vicinity of which they would hasten, did they chance in the streets, and which are even *more* disgraceful within the walls of a building whose proprietors are constantly sounding in our ears their efforts to fit it for the reception of the modest, the intelligent, and the virtuous.

Does Miss **Tree** afford her admirers any hope of her return to America? One of your western correspondents, who, wanting taste to appreciate, and wit to find fault with Miss Tree's acting, endeavored to establish his claims to both qualities, by a sneer at her age, will find few persons capable of admiring his efforts. Joy be with the fair lady wherever she goes!—If I had her likeness I should look at it oftener than a belle at the looking-glass.

A friend who plunges deeper into the "Spirit of the Times" than I do, tells me that some of the Centauri have taken my *nom de guerre*, and I am now

Nobody.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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